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THE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

THE GEOGRAPHIC

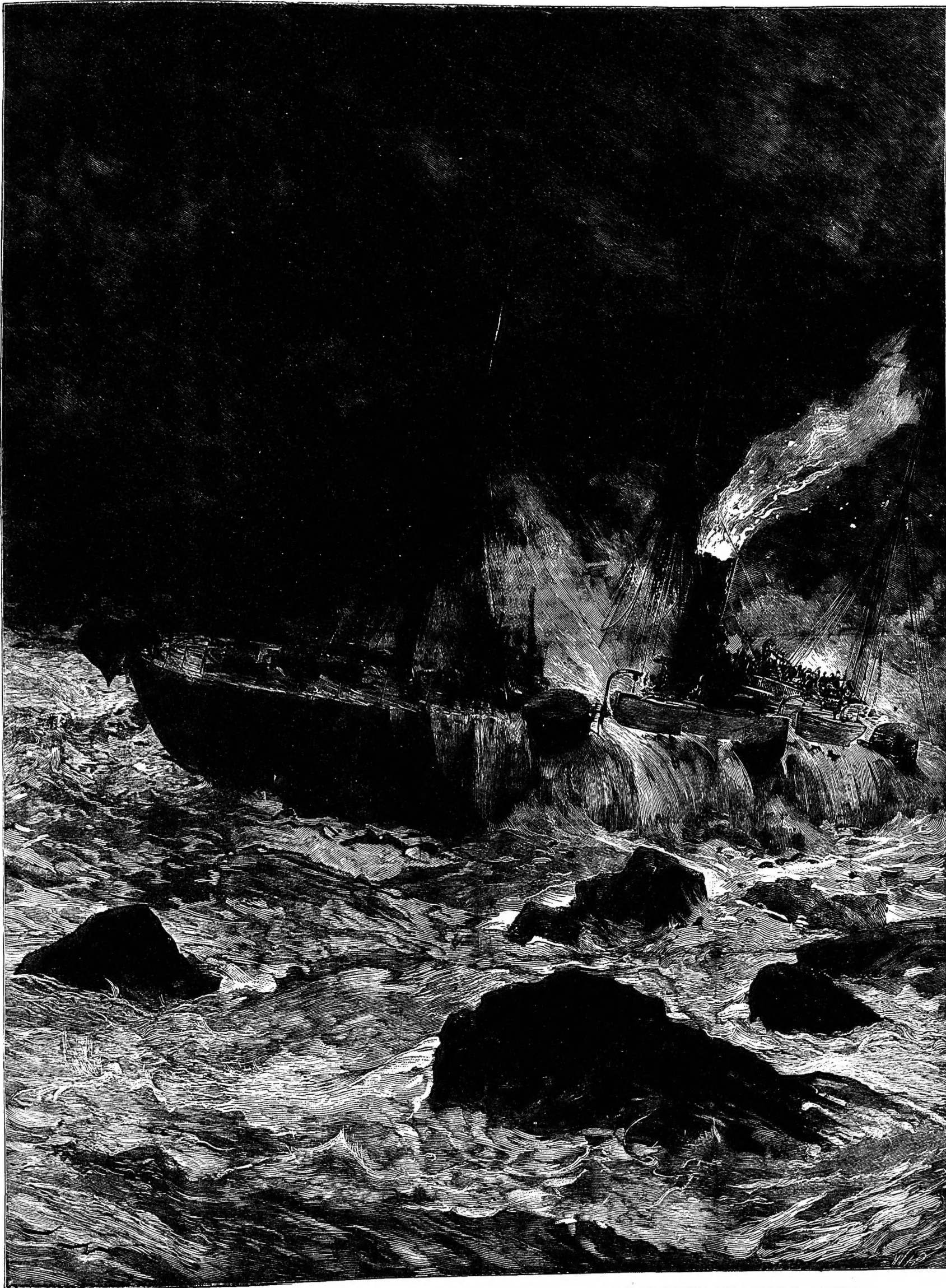
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890

THIRTY-TWO PAGES [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT" OFF CAPE VILLANO—SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE VESSEL STRUCK
FROM A DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED TO OUR ARTIST BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS

Topics of the Week

GLADSTONIANS AND PARNELLITES.—Although lovely woman is still debarred from sitting in Parliament, or from exercising the Parliamentary franchise, she may console herself with the knowledge that she nevertheless possesses a large amount of political power. Not long ago the grievances of Miss Cass, a dressmaker, seriously imperilled the solidarity of the present Ministry; and now the fascinations of another lady have produced a chasm in the ranks of that happy band of brethren, the Gladstonian-Parnellite party. It is rather curious to note the fluctuations in partisan opinion since the decision in the O'Shea case was given. At first, when the Unionists—rather imprudently, perhaps—indulged in pæans over the imminent political collapse of Mr. Parnell, their adversaries put up their backs, and showed a strong disposition to support him through thick and thin. Presently, however, the conscience of the British Gladstonians showed signs of uneasiness; letter after letter appeared urging that "the Uncrowned King of Ireland" should, at all events temporarily, abdicate his throne; and Mr. Gladstone, watching the rising tide of complaints, became seriously alarmed. Up to that moment, no doubt, he hoped that Mr. Parnell would behave nicely, and would discreetly withdraw into obscurity. Mr. Parnell, however, decided to do nothing of the kind. With characteristic cynicism, he resolved to stand to his guns, and he was backed in his determination by the uproarious approval of his Parliamentary phalanx. Anticipating such an adverse decision, Mr. Gladstone indites his letter to "my dear Morley," in which, with a plainness remarkable in such a past-master of ambiguity, he intimates that he must retire if Mr. Parnell does not. We will not attempt here to fathom the motives by which Mr. Parnell and his colleagues have been influenced, and which are probably of a complex character. Still less will we endeavour to forecast what will happen next. Let it suffice to note that the recently-awakened conscience of the British Gladstonians is of a peculiar texture. It was not shocked by the carefully-weighed decision of the Special Commission, though the offences there held to be proven against Mr. Parnell were of far more serious political import than a *liaison* with another man's wife. And, even as regards this latter affair, there was no element of surprise about it, for the accusation, though only legally substantiated the other day, had been a matter of ordinary talk for some years past, and certainly no Gladstonian member of Parliament was ignorant of it.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S VICTORY.—Signor Crispi may well congratulate himself on his brilliant success in the Italian General Election. It was generally supposed that he would have a majority, but no one foresaw that he would gain so complete a victory. The result is very creditable to the electors, for the Radicals raised several "cries" which would at one time have been almost irresistible, and the Prime Minister had against him the obvious and most disagreeable fact that the present system of Government is extremely costly. The constituencies, however, had sense enough to disregard mere side-issues, and to concentrate attention on the essential problems with which they had to deal. The most important result of the General Election is, that the Triple Alliance may now be regarded as secure. This question has been placed distinctly before the Italian people, and their decision is that in the existing circumstances of Europe it is safest for them to act in close association with Germany and Austria. They have thus greatly strengthened the influences which make for peace, as it is scarcely conceivable that France and Russia, whether acting singly or in combination, would inconsiderately provoke a conflict which might lead to their being confronted by the three allied Powers. If, as we may hope, Italy has before her a period of tranquillity, Signor Crispi will, no doubt, devote himself mainly to the task of diminishing the financial burdens which have been putting so severe a strain on the national energies. It is true that the imposition of some of these burdens was inevitable, because Italy, when united, found that she had to do quickly a great number of things which countries with established Governments had done gradually. But all authorities agree that, apart from the army and navy, there is ample scope for retrenchment; and if Signor Crispi can contrive to bring expenditure down to the point at which it will not seriously hamper industry, he will earn for himself the cordial gratitude of all classes of the people.

THE MAGAZINE RIFLE.—Whatever may be the truth about the new magazine rifle and its alleged defects, it cannot be gainsaid that the army has largely lost confidence in the weapon. The rank and file know that it lies under suspicion among experts, and they also know that most of their officers deride it as a costly toy. Very costly it is, without doubt, the price being about double that of the German magazine rifle, which many good judges consider a far more serviceable weapon. If only one grave defect were charged against the War Office bantling, that would be bad enough. Unhappily, it seems to possess several, both in its mechanism and its

design. Foremost among the latter we should be inclined to place the happy-go-lucky method of refilling the magazine in action. The cartridges should be placed in it so as to lie one above another, with the bullets foremost. But in the excitement of battle, Tommy Atkins would be pretty sure to cram in a handful anyhow, with the result of some cartridges passing up wrong end foremost. In which case—collapse. The spring which moves up the cartridge into place is also open to criticism for flimsiness, while the cartridge-bed occasionally catches. A far more serious defect, however, is the liability of the bolt-screw to work up a trifle under the tremendous shocks to which it is subjected. When this happens, the soldier must somehow contrive to screw it tight home again before he can fire another shot. The ejector is similarly liable to have its projecting edge broken or worn off, when the empty cartridge-case has to be picked out with the fingers. There are other blemishes of a more or less serious character upon which qualified judgment pronounces very unfavourably. Would it not be well, then, for the Government to convene a body of experts entirely unconnected with the War Office to make searching investigation into the truth of the whole indictment? We have heard that the head of the School of Musketry at Hythe, who has had many years' experience with military fire-arms of all sorts, utterly condemned the magazine rifle after exhaustive trials. If that be the case, it would seem a pity to throw away any more money after the 60,000*l.* which, we believe, have already been spent on the discredited weapon.

CONSUMPTION.—Can consumption be cured, and is it catching? These are two questions which at the present time are exercising the minds of both phthisical and healthy persons. Consumptives just now are much to be pitied, for their hopes had been excited by the rumour that Dr. Koch had discovered a cure for their malady. The Doctor himself modestly refuses to endorse their sanguine expectations. All he claims is that in cases (such as lupus) where the external tissues are affected by tuberculosis, his injections will arrest the progress of the disease. The same effect, he holds, will follow with internal tubercles, though the operation of the remedy cannot, of course, be watched with the same certainty; but he doubts whether any good results will follow where cavities have been formed by the destruction of tissue, or, in other words, where the consumption has reached an advanced stage. Nevertheless, in spite of this damper to their hopes, numbers of poor creatures are anxiously awaiting the day when Dr. Koch's magical lymph will be attainable in sufficient quantities and at a reasonable cost. As regards our second question: Is consumption catching? Dr. Heron, who may in this matter be regarded as a disciple of Dr. Koch's, has written a book which is calculated to cause some alarm. For he maintains that consumption may be communicated by meat containing tubercles, if not thoroughly cooked; by unboiled milk under similar conditions; and, above all, by the *sputa* (expectoration) of consumptive persons. If all this be literally true, who shall escape? Dr. Heron, however, does not, as far as we are aware, mention a very important saving clause: The *bacillus* must find a congenial soil before it can take root and flourish. There must be a consumptive diathesis or tendency before a person can become affected. It is the same in the vegetable world. It is not the blight which kills the plants, but an enfeebled condition in the plant which attracts the blight. Consumptive persons have usually well-marked physical characteristics, which existed before the *bacilli* got into their lungs. Hence we venture to doubt whether a remedy which only mechanically kills the tuberculous tissue will conquer the phthisical tendency.

WOMEN AS COUNTY COUNCILLORS.—It is not very easy for the non-legal mind to understand Mr. Justice Day's decision with regard to the rights of Miss Cobden as a member of the London County Council. Her election, it seems, is valid, and cannot be put aside; yet by voting she incurred serious penalties. This seems an odd conclusion, but there can be little doubt that it is in accordance with the law, and that Miss Cobden, by appealing, would simply increase the expenses she has already had to meet. Now that Parliament has re-assembled, we may hope that a satisfactory settlement of the question will soon be obtained by means of legislation. To a great many people it appears almost self-evident that women ought not to be excluded from County Councils. In all the matters with which these bodies are concerned women are as much interested as men; and on subjects specially relating to their own sex, and to children, wise women are far more competent than most men to offer appropriate and reasonable advice. Why should not the community utilise so great a force in its system of municipal government? If women objected to come forward as candidates, we could understand their hesitancy; for the work of a County Councillor is not always agreeable, and it is seldom rewarded with much gratitude. But when such women as Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and Miss Cons are willing to devote themselves to public duties, we ought to be in a position to accept their services gladly. Let the Government introduce a short Bill, bringing the law about this matter into harmony with good sense, and they will not only confer upon the country a genuine boon, but secure for themselves applause which may be of considerable value to them at the General Election.

SEA-TRADE WITH SIBERIA.—The problem of carrying on limited maritime trade with Siberia is solved; it can be done, and that, too, even when circumstances are not exceptionally propitious. So the belief of honest Captain Wiggins is at last vindicated by the event. Indeed, he himself took a steamer many hundreds of miles up the Yenisei some years ago, but his subsequent efforts miscarried; and so it came to be thought that such voyages could only be successful at rare intervals. Now, however, there is no further room for incredulity. A little flotilla of British vessels set sail from London at the end of last July, laden with such goods as would be likely to find a market in Siberia. Such quick progress did they make that, although the dreaded Kara Sea was exceptionally full of ice, they reached Karasoul, 160 miles from the mouth of the Yenisei estuary, in thirty-nine days. There they remained, disembarking their freight, and taking fresh cargo on board, for nineteen days, and as the return voyage to London only occupied twenty-six days, they were away for less than three months. It may be safely assumed, too, that with more experience of the difficulties of this oceanic route, the time occupied would be considerably diminished. So far as that goes, therefore, all controversy is at an end, and it seems quite possible that within the course of a few years regular trade will be established between Siberia and Europe. The doubtful point is as to whether it will ever assume real magnitude. *Malgré* Baron Nordenskjöld, whose fancy paints Siberia as a sort of improved North America, we question whether it contains many elements of national wealth. There are fertile regions here and there, no doubt, and it may also be admitted that valuable minerals abound. But unless travellers have entered into a conspiracy of calumny, by far the greater part of the enormous territory is nearly sterile, and only capable of supporting an exceedingly sparse population at starvation-point. The valleys of the Yenisei and the Obi are, it is true, tolerably prolific, but we have yet to learn whether the sort of goods they produce would pay for conveyance to Europe by such a necessarily expensive route.

THE GOTHENBURG LICENSING SYSTEM.—We do wish that we could persuade the members of the United Kingdom Alliance to abandon the uncompromising attitude which they assume towards strong drink, and view the question with eyes of common sense. On the lines which they at present follow, we feel certain that in a thousand years they will not have converted the inhabitants of these damp, chilly islands into a nation of total abstainers; whereas, by adopting a moderate position, they might, with their organisation and enthusiasm, accomplish an enormous amount of good. For instance, they might, as we have constantly urged in these columns, insist on the passing of laws for the compulsory detention of chronic drunkards, and for the treatment of occasional drunkenness as a more serious offence than it is now regarded. They might, too, do something to improve the character of the establishments where alcohol is sold to be drunk on the premises. An interesting report has just been issued by the Foreign Office on the Gothenburg system of licensing. It has now been in existence in Sweden for twenty-five years, it has immensely diminished the number of drinking-shops, and has lessened drunkenness and the offences which spring from drunkenness. The cardinal principle of the Gothenburg system is that the managers derive no profit from the sales beyond a fixed percentage on the capital invested in the houses by the shareholders. This plan gets rid of the stigma which now, not unjustly, attaches to the business of a publican—namely, that he enriches himself by the impoverishment of others. Yet we greatly doubt whether Sir Wilfrid Lawson would accept the management of a tavern on the Gothenburg system. He would, we fear, regard himself as in partnership with the Devil. Nevertheless, we hope, when the County Councils are armed with licensing-powers, that they will tentatively make experiment of the Gothenburg system. They will, however, find that the British Bung will not cheerfully accept a scale of compensation which satisfies his Scandinavian brother.

THE DUTCH AND THEIR QUEEN.—It cannot be truly said that the death of the King of Holland has made any very serious gap in Dutch political life. He meant well by his subjects, but no one ever expected him to do more than discharge creditably the routine duties of his office. Dutchmen may be congratulated on the fact that he is succeeded by a girl, for even politicians of Republican sympathies will feel that it would never do to act disloyally towards a young Queen; and it sometimes happens that a Constitutional system is more easily worked under a Queen than under a King. The question has been raised whether during her reign the Netherlands may not have occasion to resist foreign aggression. There is no solid ground for supposing that any such danger will arise. Germany—the only Power whose designs with regard to Holland any one professes to dread—has far too many hard tasks in hand to think of adding to them needlessly, even if she were in no respect under the influence of moral restraints. The Dutch have many a time proved that they know how to protect their liberties, and the Power which should try to annex their country would find that it had no small difficulties to contend with. Germany is well content with her present boundaries, and will be only too glad if she is allowed to retain them in peace. The supreme duty which the Dutch

have before them is not the defence of their territory, but the satisfactory solution of the problems springing from the relations of Capital and Labour. That is a duty which they have in common with all other Christian nations; and the great wealth of the country, and their vast colonial possessions, ought to make the work considerably easier for them than for most of their Continental neighbours.

CASHMERE.—At last England is making some recompense to "the Happy Valley" for the very shady bargain by which it was handed over, some forty odd years ago, to the Dogra dynasty. The sufferings of its people since Gholab Singh's time have cried to Heaven for vengeance; even in the East, Cashmere became a by-word for misrule, tyranny, and corruption. But Great Britain, Gallio-like, "cared for none of these things" until the advance of Russia through Central Asia gave to Cashmere a strategic value which it never previously possessed. Quick discovery then followed that the Cashmeeris were shamefully oppressed, that their half-dast Maharajah meditated treachery, and that England could no longer suffer such a disgraceful state of things to exist in a country under her suzerainty. Not a pleasant chapter of the history of our wonderful Eastern Empire; let us hope that the next will make better reading. It promises much, at all events; not only are really good roads to connect the lovely valley with the Indian plains for the benefit of commerce—and of military operations—but a grand highway is already in course of construction on the other side, to far-away Gilgit. The eye of faith also discerns a railway from Rawal Pindi, the great military cantonment which is to form the base of defence for the Afghan frontier, to Serinuggur, the many-bridged capital of Cashmere. And so on, and so on; grand conceptions of material development which in days not very remote would have been regarded as the filiest of dreams. We congratulate the Cashmeeris; they, at all events, are bound to benefit, while in no case can they be more heavily taxed for these magnificent enterprises than Gholab Singh and his successors were wont to tax them for their own enrichment. But we must confess to some scepticism about the splendid volume of trade which, it is assumed, will pass to and fro through Gilgit as soon as the road is made decently passable for wheeled traffic. And we question even more whether the alleged danger of India being invaded from that direction is not a pure chimera of the bogey species. Not Alexander the Macedonian himself would have ventured to march an army from the present Russian frontier in Asia to the lovely vale about which Mr. Thomas Moore made such pretty verses.

NOTICE.—This Number consists of Two Whole Sheets.



LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'Clock. Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. TERRISS, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. WENMAN, Mr. BISHOP, Mr. MACKLIN, Mr. HOWE, Mr. G. Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. **MATINEE OF RAVENSWOOD** for the BENEFIT of the ACTORS BENEVOLENT FUND on SATURDAY, December 6th, at 2 o'clock. Box Office open daily 10 to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

MATINEES.—RAVENSWOOD.—MR. IRVING begs to announce FOUR MORNING PERFORMANCES of RAVENSWOOD in December.—Saturday, 6th; Saturday, 10th; Wednesday, 14th (Christmas Eve); and Saturday, 27th, at 2 o'clock. THE BELLS will be played on the nights of the 10th and 14th.—Seats can now be booked.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!!! IMPORTANT NOTICE. The Great Scene from Edward Harrigan's Comic Play of the MULLIGAN GUARDS SURPRISE, for which **WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN** was Written and Composed by DAVE BRAHAM for Harrigan and Hart in the year 1880 and produced in England, immediately after his first representation in New York, by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE.

EUGENE STRATTON, assisted by the fine JUVENILE CHOIR of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will perform in Edward Harrigan's sketch, **WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!** at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE. New and appropriate scenery and effects.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. TWENTY-SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR of the world-famed **MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS** at the St. James's Hall.

THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION. On Thursday, the 18th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. **DAY PERFORMANCES** EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places can be secured a month in advance at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—First Time, Monday next, Dec. 1. POSSESSION, by Walter Browne, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corner Music, entitled **SEA-SIDE MANIA.** Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW. ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

THE NINETY-THIRD ANNUAL SHOW of Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Implements, Roots, &c. MONDAY, December 8th, at 2 p.m., close at 5 p.m. Admission Five Shillings.

CATTLE SHOW, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, December 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, open at 9 a.m., close at 5 p.m. Admission One Shilling.

C. DORMAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR, R. VENN, SECRETARY. ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE and POULTRY SHOW, 1890

The FORTY-SECOND GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on SATURDAY, November 29th inst. Admission to witness the Judging of the Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs (but not the Poultry until 2 p.m.), 10s.; MONDAY, December 1st, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 2nd, 1s.; WEDNESDAY, December 3rd, and THURSDAY, December 4th, 1s. till five o'clock; after that hour, 6d. For Excursion Trains and other Special Arrangements, see the advertisements and the bills of the various Companies.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. New Fast Train, London to Brighton, 9 a.m. Third Class by 9.45 a.m. Fast Train, Brighton to London Bridge. Third Class by 4.0 p.m. Fast Train, London Bridge to Brighton. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available 8 days. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK - DAY.—A First-Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10.0 a.m., Day Return Tickets, 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SATURDAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at East Croydon. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

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Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays. London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). dep. Victoria (West End) . . . 8.50 p.m. London Bridge (City) . . . 9.0 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) . . . 8.50 p.m. Victoria (West End) . . . 7.40 a.m. London Bridge (City) . . . 7.50 a.m. Fares—Single First, 3s. 7d., Second, 2s. 9d., Third, 1s. 7d. Return, First, 6s. 4d., Second, 4s. 6d., Third, 3s. 3d. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR full particulars, see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—W. St. End, General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 144, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

READY, DECEMBER 1, 1890.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC."

The entire Number will be PRINTED IN COLOURS,

and will contain the following Illustrations. A ROUNDABOUT ON THE ICE. By R. BARNES, R.W.S. NAVAL MANOEUVRES. By W. L. SMALL. A CONCERT IN THE NURSERY. By ALICE HAVERS. THE SAD STORY OF THE MAN WHO KILLED THE FOX. By J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I. TEDDY'S BUFFALO TRAP, OR, THE ILLUSTRATED NAUGHTINESS OF TEDDY AND HIS SISTER. By "MARS." TERMS USED IN BILLIARD PLAYING. Humorously depicted by REICHAN. A WET DAY. By ALICE HAVERS. AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY. By JERRY MACQUOID. HOW JACKY MARLINSPIKE REACHED HOME IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING. A Humorous Illustrated Story by HUGH THOMSON. An EXTRA PRESENTATION PLATE, entitled "DESDEMONA," Specially Painted for "The Graphic" by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. An interesting Story will run through the Number, entitled "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES." By THOMAS HARDY.

The whole enclosed in a Coloured Wrapper, representing one of ROMNEY'S Pictures in the National Gallery. On account of the enormous number of Colours, it is impossible to reprint; so if you require a Christmas Number, please order AT ONCE. PRICE ONE SHILLING, BY PARCELS POST, 3d. EXTRA.

These Articles are Now Appearing Daily. IS IRELAND DISTRESSED or PROSPEROUS? A Tour with Pen, Pencil, and Camera, in Search of Truth.

So much controversy has arisen with regard to the prospects of distress in Ireland during the coming winter, that it is difficult for the impartial reader to judge whether Ireland is really likely to suffer the horrors of want, or whether such gloomy forebodings are exaggerated for party purposes. With the object of laying before their readers the exact truth of the situation in Ireland, the proprietors of the

DAILY GRAPHIC have asked Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P., to undertake a tour through the affected districts, and to write a series of letters giving the result of the investigations. Mr. Russell will be accompanied by the well-known artist Mr. STANILAND, R.I., who will take a camera and send sketches and photographs, so that a true picture of the situation will be afforded by pen, pencil, and the camera, and the public will be enabled to form their own judgment. **ONE PENNY DAILY.**

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC,"

On December 4th, twenty-one years ago, the first number of THE GRAPHIC made its appearance. In order to celebrate its twenty-first Birthday, the Proprietors have decided to enlarge their usual Weekly Issue of DECEMBER 6th into a

DOUBLE NUMBER.

The Illustrations in the Number will be unusually numerous and well-executed, and the articles will be written by well-known authors on subjects of varied interest. As a large sale has already been assured, those who desire to purchase this unique Number are kindly requested to order a copy as soon as possible from their Newsagent.

The following artists will be represented:—

W. SMALL,	R. POETZELBER-	ST. REICHAN,
W. RALSTON,	GER,	THOMAS ROW-
C. E. FRIPP,	EUG. LAMBERT,	LANDSON,
G. DURAND,	CARL HAAG,	JAMES POLLARD,
ARTHUR HOPKINS,	FRANK DADD,	R. DEIGHTON,
MISS IDA TAYLOR,	R.I.,	And Others.

The Letterpress will include Articles by

ARCHIBALD FORBES,	M. BLOWITZ,	JAMES SIMP,
MOY THOMAS,	ARTHUR LOCKER,	WILLIAM BLACK,
GEORGE AUGUSTUS	MASON JACKSON,	R. E. FRANCILLON,
SALA,	SIR G. BIRDWOOD,	&c.

There will also be given away, as an Extra Supplement, a fac-simile of OLD SPORTING PRINTS.

The Number will be enclosed in a specially Designed Cover, and the Price

Will be SIXPENCE as usual.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "Serpent" RELIEF-FUND FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

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				E. H. R., E. S. H.,			
				F. G. A. P.,			
				H. P. H., W. J. H.,			
				W. S., J. P., R.,			
				E. S. A., J. A. L.,			
				W. R. L., F. M. D.,			
				J. R. Nash (Cus-			
				tom House),			
				A. H. H., A. E. C.,			
				M. B., F. S. S.,			
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				liams, 2s. 6d. each	6	2	6
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				G. H. T., J. T. F.,			
				1s. each			
				E. C. M. and F. J.,			
				2s. 6d. each	0	5	0
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Donations in aid of the above Fund may be sent to the Editor of The Graphic, 190, Strand, London, W.C., who will be pleased to acknowledge all sums sent to him.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—THE BRIDE RECEIVING THE RING
THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, TO PRINCE ADOLPHUS
OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, AT BERLIN



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ENTERING THE CHAPEL OF THE SCHLOSS
THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, TO PRINCE ADOLPHUS
OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, AT BERLIN



THE LATE GERMAN IMPERIAL WEDDING

THE recent marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe at Berlin brought together a large gathering of the Imperial House. The festivities were confined to the family, and, save a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom at the gala operatic performance, the Berliners saw little of the proceedings. The wedding ceremonies on Wednesday week began with the conclusion of the civil contract in the hall of the Empress Frederick's Palace, the bridal-pair signing at a table placed under the portrait of the Emperor Frederick. Thence the wedding-party adjourned to the Royal Palace, where the reigning Empress placed the Crown of the Prussian Princesses on the bride's head. The procession formed in the Electors' Hall, and passed through the Knights' Hall, the Picture Gallery, and the White Hall to the Chapel. After several Court officials came the bride and bridegroom, Prince Adolf wearing a hussar uniform and the newly-bestowed Order of the Black Eagle, and Princess Victoria's wedding-robe of cloth of silver sparkling in the artificial light. The front of the dress was white satin, draped with the Honiton lace worn by the Empress Frederick at her own marriage, and the cloth of silver train—carried by four Prussian noble young ladies—was embroidered with wild roses and adorned with myrtle bouquets. The Emperor followed with the Empress Frederick in silver-grey, the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe with the reigning Empress in white, Prince Henry with the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe, and a host of German and British relatives. The Emperor and the Duke of Connaught wore the newly-modelled purple mantle of the Black Eagle. The Emperor's four little sons were waiting in the Chapel, which was crowded with Court officials and diplomatists. Dr. Dryander, the new Court Chaplain, performed the marriage ceremony, and gave a lengthy address, while, as the bridal-pair exchanged rings, the guns and bells outside sounded out gaily. After the Service the newly-married couple embraced their nearest relatives, and the procession started for the White Saloon, where the wedding banquet took place. Emperor William and the Empress Frederick respectively sat next the bride and bridegroom, and after the customary toasts and the cutting of a splendid English wedding-cake from Gunter's, the Prince and Princess left for Potsdam. The orthodox torchlight dance was omitted, but the distribution of narrow ribbons representing the bride's garters is still kept up. Potsdam turned out in force to welcome the happy pair, but by mistake let off the fireworks for the benefit of an ordinary train, before the Royal special arrived.—Portraits of the bride and bridegroom appeared in our issue of October 25.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA

GROUP OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT MAGILA

IN the Usambara country the Universities' Mission to Central Africa has five stations, of which Magila is one. There are three permanent churches, homes for seventy boys, and a sisters' home, which is the centre of work among native women. Evangelistic work is also carried on among the native villages. Since May, 1889, four European missionaries have succumbed to the deadly climate of this region.

THE SLAVE MARKET CHURCH, ZANZIBAR

THE Zanzibar Slave Market was closed in the year 1873, and the large square of ground on which it was held was secured by the Universities' Mission for the erection of the handsome Mission Church shown in the engraving. The society to which this fine structure belongs has made remarkable progress. With Zanzibar for its African head-quarters, it has extended its missions into the countries of Usambara, Rovuma, and Nyasa on the mainland, and, according to the last published report (1889), has no less than 1,922 native adherents. Its twenty schools have also a total of 837 scholars, hundreds of whom were a short time previously captured by British cruisers from slave-ships. Two bishops and forty European missionaries have since the commencement died in the service of these Missions.

AN EAST AFRICAN ARBITRATION CASE

MISSIONARIES, besides performing their more regular duties of teaching and preaching, are sometimes called upon to settle disputes of various kinds among the natives who surround them. The Rev. T. Wakefield, F.R.G.S., who has spent twenty-five years in Eastern Africa (and who, after spending three years in England, is about to return once more to that country) is here shown hearing a native divorce case. The man and wife occupy positions on the left and right of the picture. The native missionary in European costume is an assistant from Sierra Leone, while the other persons are witnesses. The Mission House is that of the United Methodist Free Churches at Jomvu, near Mombasa, now in charge of the Rev. T. H. Carthew. Jomvu is the headquarters of the Free Methodist Missions in the Mombasa district, and is near the new East African Railway.

REV. CECIL MAJALIWA AND FAMILY

TWENTY years ago this native clergyman of the Universities' Mission was stolen away from his home in the interior. With a number of other slave-boys he was brought down to the sea-coast to be shipped across to the Island of Pemba to work on the plantations. Fortunately for him, the slave dhow in which he and his companions were confined was captured by a British cruiser, and the boys were received and educated by the Mission at Zanzibar. He was made a deacon in 1885, and having passed creditably through a course of study at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, returned to Africa, and was ordained as a priest in the Slave-market Church at Zanzibar, on January 25th of the present year. He is now in sole charge of the Mission Station at Chilangali, on the mainland, and can read and preach in several languages.

MRS. HALLIDAY AND NURSERY-CHILDREN AT MBWENI, ZANZIBAR

AT Mbweni, a station of the Universities' Mission, there is a home for eighty girls, a separate building for twenty industrial girls, and a day school for twenty children. There is also a village of 300 released slaves, with a permanent church, domestic chapel, workshop, and limekiln. Mrs. Halliday, who joined the mission as Miss Bashford in 1879, has recently returned to England.

GRAVES OF MISSIONARIES AT RIBE

THOUGH less unhealthy than the west side of the continent, the east coast of Africa is the last resting-place of many self-denying missionaries. Within a small enclosure on the left hand of the first Mission-house of the United Methodist Free Churches at Ribe, eighteen miles from Mombasa, lie the remains of four missionaries. The grave on the extreme left is that of Mrs. Rebecca Wakefield* (died July 16th, 1873), the next (in the foreground) is that of Mr. John Martin (died June 14th, 1879). The grave behind it at the foot

of the tree is that of the Rev. E. Butterworth (died April 3rd, 1864), while that on the extreme left is that of the better-known missionary and explorer, the Rev. Charles New, who was the first traveller to reach the snows of Kilimanjaro, and who fell a victim to the climate of Africa on February 14th, 1875.

ROBERT BREWIN.

DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

CIRCUMSTANCES caused Velazquez to be eminently a Court painter, and for a long period of his career the famous Spaniard was engaged in painting portraits of King Philip IV., of other members of the Royal Family, and of the grandees about the Court. Judging by the number of pictures of him which are still extant, no Royal personage was a more frequent sitter to Velazquez than the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos, Prince of Asturias. In this same Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House there were two other portraits of him, also by Velazquez, belonging respectively to the Queen and to the Duke of West-minster; and there are several more in existence, both in this country and in the Museum at Madrid. In the picture from the Wallace Collection, which we here engrave, the Prince is represented in a black dress with a red sash, a hat with a white plume, and light-coloured riding-boots. He is mounted on a black pony, in the courtyard of a turreted building, which is, we believe, the tennis-court. This young prince did not live to come to the throne; he died of small-pox at Saragossa at the age of seventeen.

THE LOSS OF THE "SERPENT"

A CONNECTED narrative of this disastrous event has now been supplied from the experiences of the three survivors, but, of course, men in their position are not likely to be able to throw any light



COMMANDER HARRY L. ROSS
H.M.S. "Serpent"

on the original cause of the catastrophe. The gale was still at its height, with rain-squalls and thick weather, when, on the night of Monday, November 10th, at 10.30 P.M., the *Serpent* struck. The



LIEUTENANT TORQUIL MACLEOD
H.M.S. "Serpent"

first shock was not severe; but then she gave some terrific rolls, and seemed to slide off the rock, while her stern struck some other point, which went right through her. She then canted on her side, and went down in deep water in about twenty minutes from first striking. The strictest discipline prevailed during this trying time. Commander Ross ordered the boats to be lowered, but they were stove in; and it was not until he bade every man do the best for himself that the crew began to jump overboard. The survivors are Frederick Gould, leading seaman; Onesiphorus Luxon, able seaman; and Edward Burton, able seaman. They all wore cork life-belts; and, although the two former were badly cut and bruised, they all reached land in safety, and were kindly treated by the Spaniards.

As we gave a little memoir of Commander Ross last week, we will only here quote a few words spoken by Admiral Sir William Dowell concerning him and his brother officers. "I had known Commander Harry Ross, the Captain of the *Serpent*, for over twenty years. He was a capital fellow, and well-liked in the service. I also knew the First Lieutenant, Guy Greville, very well. Both he and Lieutenant Torquil Macleod served with me on board various ships, and they were very good fellows."

The inhabitants of Devonport were greatly excited when the news of the wreck of the *Serpent* arrived, as most of the crew hailed

from that town. Very distressing scenes were witnessed as the relatives of the officers and men who were on board crowded round the Admiralty House eager to know if any further news had been received. The excitement was only slightly assuaged by the posting of notices both at the Admiralty House and outside the Dockyard gates that no further news had been received, and that all information would be made public as soon as it arrived from the Admiralty.—Our portraits are from photographs:—Commander Ross by John Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth, and Lieutenant Macleod by D. Whyte, Inverness.

"THE YOUNG SQUIRE"

EVEN a good marksman might with good excuse feel nervous if he had to take aim under the eyes of such an assemblage as this. All the people present (the donkey excepted, who looks on with his usual air of patient weariness) are watching the young sportsman with eager interest. Why, we cannot exactly fathom. If he has been born and bred on the estate—as is commonly the case with young squires—he has been accustomed to go out with a gun ever since early boyhood, and there can be no startling novelty in the proceeding to those who look on. Perhaps, however, the young squire in Mr. Reid's picture is a stranger from a distance, who has somewhat unexpectedly succeeded to the property, and, if such is the case, there is sure to be some curiosity among his tenants and dependants as to how he will "shape" when he has a gun in his hand.

ALMACK'S IN THE DAYS OF ITS FORTUNE, FASHION, AND FAME

See page 611

A PRIVATE TRAINING SHIP

See page 615



AFTER THE DECISION OF THE COURT OF APPEAL pronouncing Lady Sandhurst to be disqualified, on account of her sex, for a seat in the London County Council, Miss Cobden attended meetings of the Council, and voted in five divisions. Sir Walter de Souza, a member of the Council, gave her notice that he would set the law in motion to enforce penalties for which she had thus rendered herself liable, unless she undertook to cease taking part in the Council's proceedings. This invitation was not accepted, and he brought an action against her for the recovery of five penalties of 50s. each, which was tried by Mr. Justice Day without a jury. He decided that, being from the first disqualified for a seat, Miss Cobden could not legally take part in the proceedings of the Council, although her seat not having been challenged within the twelve months required by the Act, she cannot be ejected from it. He imposed five mitigated penalties of 25s. each with costs. A stay of execution for a week was allowed, in view of a possible appeal. Miss Cons, the other lady-member of the Council, whose action has been similar to Miss Cobden's, has agreed to abide by the decision in the case of the latter.

THE COURT OF APPEAL, on Tuesday, dismissed with costs Dr. Barnardo's appeal against the decision of the Divisional Court, ordering him to deliver over to the mother a child, of whom, for eighteen months, he had taken charge, but whom she now wished to be transferred to a Roman Catholic school. The case was reported in this column at the time. In delivering judgment, based on what the Court considered to be the paramount right of the mother, the Master of the Rolls said that he did not concur in the strictures which the Court below had passed on Dr. Barnardo.

THE GRAND JURY at the Central Criminal Court, on Tuesday, found a true bill against Mrs. Pearcey, charged with the Kentish Town murders.

DURING THE CORONER'S INQUEST on Miss Holt, the young school-mistress, at Belmont, near Bolton, whose murder was recorded in this column last week, a written confession that he had murdered her was made on Tuesday by Thomas Macdonald, who, as previously mentioned, was charged with the crime. According to his statement—which, coming from so foul a ruffian, must not in all its details be relied on—when accosting the ill-fated young lady on the morning and near the scene of the murder, he took her by the shoulder, and asked her what she meant by charging him with following her. She shook herself free from him, and struck him with the small end of her umbrella. Then followed the brutal murder and the concealment of the victim's corpse in the clough. The coroner's jury of course returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the self-convicted prisoner.

GEORGE RICE, aged sixty-four, the signalman on the occasion of the frightful accident at Norton-Fitzwarren station, has been tried at Taunton Assizes for manslaughter. In connection with the case the Grand Jury made a presentment that the attention of Government should be called to the great danger involved in allowing trains to be shunted on main lines. For the defence, it was urged both that the prisoner had himself been injured on the railway, and as a result had suffered in his head, and that his employers, the railway company, were responsible for the state of things in which the disaster occurred. After nearly an hour's deliberation the jury acquitted the prisoner, adding that they agreed with the presentment of the Grand Jury, and also thought that no man of the prisoner's age should be alone in a signal-box at night.

A PETITION to the Home Secretary is being signed at Oxford, both in the University and the City, praying for a mitigation of the sentence of six years' penal servitude on Catherine Riordan for shooting the Master of University College. One of the allegations in the petition is that she was not at the time fully accountable for her actions. Mr. Haines has resigned his Fellowship at University College.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC has reappeared with great virulence in Hungary. At Fünfkirchen, in the district of Baranya, 1,000 cases have occurred amongst 18,000 inhabitants, and a medical conference has assembled to discuss preventive measures. In some cases the symptoms resemble those of typhoid. Severe chills of the influenza type also prevail in Vienna.

THE STORMY WEATHER of the present week has been repeated on the Continent. Floods have nearly overwhelmed Carlsbad, sweeping away houses and bridges, and cutting off gas and railway communication, while, as the rivers are still rising, Eger is threatened, and Prague dreads a repetition of her recent disasters. Northern Germany also suffers, for at Eisenach and Coburg the schools are closed, as many streets are under water, and the same disastrous state of affairs alarms Elberfeld. The Rhine at Cologne rose nine feet in twenty-four hours, and many of its tributaries have overflowed, while several factories have stopped work. High tides on the Baltic coast have overflowed the land, and rivers are rising all over the district. Part of Denmark is in as bad a case. In Russia winter has set in suddenly, the Neva is frozen over and the cold is extreme. The waters are out in Belgium, particularly in the Ardennes and round Liège, interfering much with the trade of the neighbourhood.

* An interesting Life of Mrs. Wakefield, by the Rev. R. Brewin, has been published by A. Crombie, London.



THE Sixth Session of the Twelfth Parliament of the present Reign opened at two o'clock on Tuesday. There clustered round the event in advance some circumstances of peculiar interest. In the first place the time was unusual. It was the beginning of an experiment which may or may not result in a re-arrangement of the period of doing business in Parliament. The opening of the Session in November is spoken of in some quarters as an innovation, being included among those wholesale departures from old practices of Parliament which Mr. Gladstone, in the one animated passage of his speech on the Address, deplored. It is rather a return to the older manner, the meeting in February and sitting up to August being an innovation born with the present century. In addition to the variation of the time for opening a new Session, there was a change in the initial procedure. The Address was done away with, happily disposed of as useless lumber. Instead of the paragraphed ponderosity conveniently affording a succession of pegs on which to hang amendments, there was moved a simple Vote of Thanks to Her Majesty for her gracious speech. To prevent final catastrophe and avert the end of all things no departure was made from the quaint custom that requires the mover and seconder of the Address to appear in uniform. Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, who moved the Address, wore military uniform, and Mr. Forrest Fulton, who seconded it, presented himself in Court dress.

The House was crowded in every part, and it was evident that there was more attraction for the gathering than is usually to be found in the barren ceremony of the opening of Parliament by Royal Commission. Every year it is the custom of the Irish party to foregather on the eve of the Session, elect their leader, and their Parliamentary officers. On the present occasion these proceedings were invested with exceptional interest. The man who through a dozen years had led them with consummate skill and amazing success lay under a dark cloud of personal discredit. It was expected that he would forthwith resign his position. Statements affirming that to be his settled intention had appeared in all the papers. Members thronging the Lobby and the floor of the House eagerly discussed how it would be done. Mr. Parnell's coming was anxiously looked for, but, as he chanced to pass through the Lobby at the very moment when it was emptied of members who



LORD WINDSOR
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords

had gone to the House of Lords to hear the Speech read, there were few to note his coming.

Some delay occurred in the gathering of the party owing to a peculiar and characteristic incident. Mr. Parnell having summoned the meeting by a mandate, dated the very day proceedings opened in the Divorce Court, had mentioned neither hour nor place. From that time to this opening day he had addressed no further communication to his party, who literally did not know where to find him. Mr. Justin McCarthy, sent for by Mr. Gladstone on his arrival at Carlton Gardens on Monday evening, was obliged to confess that he could give him no information as to Mr. Parnell's intentions. Nobody knew anything till the man of mystery suddenly appeared in their midst, and, with doors closed, the conference took place.

It is evident at this date that in spite of the confident and categorical assertions appearing in some newspapers on Tuesday morning, nobody, not even Mr. Justin McCarthy, had received the slightest intimation of Mr. Parnell's intention with respect to the Leadership. Still, the positive statement, that he would retire, so exactly coincided with what seemed alike his plain duty and his obvious personal and party advantage, that up to a quarter to four on Tuesday afternoon it was accepted as a matter of fact. At this time the meeting of the Irish members broke up, and those who had been present streamed into the Lobby. It was Mr. Sexton who conveyed the first intimation of the astounding turn events had taken. Asked whether Mr. Parnell had retired from the Leadership, he, in arrogant manner, and with loud tones to be heard of all men, answered, "Certainly not. Why should he?" The idea of a man with a record such as that just blazoned forth in the Divorce Court even temporarily hiding his head evidently appeared to Mr. Sexton to be a suggestion to be angrily resented. The news rapidly spread, carrying remarkable influences. Liberals gathered in melancholy, depressed groups, talking it over; the Ministerialists went about jubilant. The enemy had been delivered into their hands at the very moment when he seemed to be marching on to certain victory. What were the results of the by-elections compared with this? Eltham had wiped out Eccles.

After this business went on in both Houses to all appearances as if nothing startling had happened. But, as plainly appeared before the dinner-hour, a blow had been dealt from which the proceedings never recovered. In the Lords there was a fair gathering of Peers, considering the period of the year. Lord Salisbury was there, sharing the high spirits which everywhere prevailed in Ministerial circles. He greatly delighted noble lords and the few peeresses in the Gallery by his reference to the Tipperary proceedings, difficult to speak of, since they were cut off, as it were, in mid-life by a strange event happening to two of the defendants, Mr. Dillon and

Mr. O'Brien. "There is always some difficulty with Irish leaders," Lord Salisbury said, with pretty affectation of parenthesis. "Their strong point just now is escaping. Some prefer escaping by water, some choose fire-escapes." When Lord Salisbury resumed his seat noble lords looked at each other, mutely asking if there was anything else to keep them. Lord Brabourne endeavoured to improve



COLONEL WILLIAM KENYON-SLANEY
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons

the occasion by giving a fresh kick to the man who had made him a peer, but the Lords did not care about that, and there being really nothing for them to do, adjourned right off for a week.

In the Commons, the general uncanniness of the proceedings was added to by the circumstance that there was no Speaker in the Chair. Mrs. Peel lay sick in bed, so ill that the Speaker could not take upon himself the duties of his office. In his absence, Mr. Courtney, as Deputy-Speaker, took the Chair, and for the first time within the memory of living man, the Queen's Speech was read by a gentleman bereft of wig and gown. Two new members took their seats, the new Solicitor-General for Scotland and Mr. Roby, the elect of Eccles. The coming of this latter gentleman had been looked forward to during the recess as affording a supreme opportunity for Liberal exultation. It had been a glorious victory, which had cheered Mr. Gladstone in his Midlothian campaign, and had led to some talk of extreme measures—even of an Address to the Throne, praying that a Parliament which no longer represented the views of the nation might forthwith be dissolved. But a great deal had happened since October. Mr. Roby of course was cheered as he crossed the floor. But there was no exultant ring in the outcry.

This air of depression prevailed through all that followed. Mr. Gladstone, still acting as Leader of the Opposition, made the customary speech in review of the Ministerial programme, but it lacked all the accustomed energy and point. The only thing on which he was roused to anything like aggressiveness, was in his protest against Mr. Smith's proposal to appropriate for public business all the time up to the adjournment for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Smith followed, and was commendably brief. After this, the debate languished like an ill-fed fire; and, at ten o'clock, no one proposing to say anything else, the Address was agreed to, and a debate which, at the most moderate computation, was expected to last over a week, was begun and ended in the space of four hours and a-half. Wednesday was occupied with the tiresome ceremony of private members bringing in impossible Bills, and on Thursday Parliament actually began the business of the Session, a long unprecedented event, on the third day of its gathering.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS

ROBERT GEORGE WINDSOR-CLIVE, fourteenth Baron Windsor, was born in 1857, and educated at Eton and at St. John's College,



MR. J. FORREST FULTON
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons

Cambridge. He succeeded his grandmother, in whose favour the abeyance of the Barony of Windsor had in 1855 been terminated, in 1869; and in 1883 married Alberta Victoria Sarah Caroline, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, G.C.B.

Lord Windsor is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Salop, and a Major in the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Draycott, 82, New Street, Birmingham.

SIR ARTHUR EDWARD GUINNESS, FIRST BARON ARDILAUN, eldest son of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., was born in 1840, and educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. 1863). In 1868 he succeeded his father as second Baronet; from 1868-9, and again from 1874-80 he represented Dublin as a Conservative, and in that year was created Baron Ardilaun of Ashford, County Galway, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. In 1871 Lord Ardilaun married Lady Olivia Charlotte White, daughter of the third Earl of Bantry.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

COLONEL WILLIAM SLANEY KENYON-SLANEY, eldest son of the late Colonel William Kenyon-Slaney, was born in 1847, and educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He entered the Army, and eventually became Colonel of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, but is now retired on half-pay. In 1887 Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, who is a J.P. for Salop, married Lady Isabel S. Bridgeman, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Bradford. He sits, as a Conservative, for the Northern (Newport) Division of Shropshire, for which he was elected in 1886.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

MR. JAMES FORREST FULTON is the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, K.H., and was born in 1846. He was educated at Norwich Grammar School, and at London University (B.A. 1867, L.L.B. 1873). In 1872 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple; he goes the South-Eastern Circuit, and is Senior Counsel for the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court. In 1875 he married Sophia, eldest daughter of John B. Nicholson, Esq., of Eastbourne. He was elected in 1886 for the Northern Division of West Ham in the Conservative interest. Mr. Fulton is the author of a "Manual of Constitutional History."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

CHURCH NEWS

IN THE PROSECUTION OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, the Primate has delivered a most elaborate and erudite judgment, his reading of which he prefaced with the intimation that only one of his episcopal assessors (of whom there were five) dissented from it, and then only in a single point. The charges against the Bishop which were dismissed related to the mixing of water and wine in the sacramental cup, to "ablutions," to the singing of the Agnus De



LORD ARDILAUN
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords

immediately after the consecration prayer, and to the use of lighted candles during the Communion Service as a ceremony, not as a convenience. In regard to the Eastward position, this was in itself pronounced to be allowable, but the Bishop was admonished that in the performance of the manual acts so as not to be seen by the people he had mistaken the true interpretation of the Order of Communion. The making the sign of the Cross in giving the Absolution and the final benediction was declared to be an innovation which "must be discontinued." The judgment closed with a wise and temperate deprecation of "minute questionings and disputations in great and sacred subjects," by which "time and attention are diverted from the Church's real contest with evil, both by those who give and by those who take offence unadvisedly in such matters." The parties to the suit are to pay their own costs.

SEVERAL PROMINENT NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS, zealous Gladstonians, in their discourses last Sunday referred to the result of the O'Shea-Parnell divorce suit. The Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes, in St. James's Hall, addressing a very large audience, said that the Nonconformists would never support a party led by Mr. Parnell, and unless he abdicated his position the Liberals would be absolutely defeated at the next General Election. At the City Temple Dr. Parker said that if Mr. Parnell did not retire from the Irish leadership a grave outrage would be committed against the Christian conscience and social sentiment of the nation. He (Dr. Parker) would be silent on the subject of Home Rule until he saw whether Ireland cared more for her own supposed interests than for the Christian morality of the world. At the Italian (Roman Catholic) Church, Hatton Garden, its Rector, the Rev. Joseph P. Bannin, said that Mr. Parnell had landed the Irish people in a quagmire of immorality. Let Irishmen remember that Protestants of all denominations had rallied to their side, and that these men would withdraw themselves from the cause if the Irish people retained this man at their head.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has subscribed 100*l.* to General Booth's Fund.—Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, and Master of the Temple, in a letter to General Booth, declared himself to be strongly of opinion that the General's large and bold experiment deserves at least a fair trial, and the sympathy of all who feel for misery. Dr. Vaughan offered 50*l.* towards the promotion of the scheme when the list reached (it has already exceeded) 50,000*l.*—At a number of Nonconformist churches throughout the country Sunday collections have been made in aid of General Booth's Fund. At Highbury Chapel, Bristol, the collection amounted to 650*l.*—Though rivalry with General Booth is disavowed, a statement has just been put forth by the Church Army, in which there is claimed for it not only the establishment of experimental homes for tramps and inebriates, but the first proposal of a farm-settlement near London for the destitute and unemployed, and of organised emigration to the colonies.



THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "SERPENT"—"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES" INQUIRING FOR NEWS OF THE VESSEL AT THE PORT-ADMIRAL'S OFFICE, DEVONPORT



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"My poor father, I cannot remain with him while Fox is there"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII. A WEDDING DAY

THE marriage took place so speedily after the report of the engagement as to take every one by surprise; for everywhere a wedding is expected to be much discussed and prepared for beforehand. In the case of Fox and Bessie, all was over almost as soon as it was known to be in the air.

No great ceremony was made of it. Indeed, there was not time to make great preparations; nor did Squire Cleverdon care for display, or, on this occasion, for expense. His one desire was to have it over, and Fox settled in his house, for his affairs were causing him the utmost alarm—they were gathering to a crisis. It was with them but a matter of days; and, unless Fox were married before the crisis arrived and became known, it was possible that the engagement, on which now all his hopes for the salvation of the property hung, might be broken off.

The licence was obtained, and almost simultaneously came the grant from the Garter King of Arms, and Clarenceaux King of Arms, "of the South, East, and West parts of England, from the River Trent southwards," to the effect that "whereas His Majesty, by warrant under his Royal Signet and Sign Manual, had signified to the Most Noble the Earl Marshal that he had been graciously pleased to give and to grant unto Anthony Crymes, Gent., son and heir apparent to Fernando Crymes, Esquire," the licence to bear henceforth the arms and name of Cleverdon, in lieu of that of

Crymes; that therefore a patent to this effect was issued, &c. Consequently, Anthony Crymes was married, not in his paternal name, but in that which he had acquired.

The day was grey and sunless, with a raw north-east wind blowing.

Bessie returned, after the marriage, to the house where she had been born, and Fox came with her. She went to her old room, and there laid aside her wedding-dress, and then came quietly down the stairs into her father's chamber, where she patiently awaited him.

The old man had been giving orders without, and she heard his voice in the passage. She had not long to wait before he came in.

He looked at her with lifted eyebrows, and took off his hat, and asked what she wanted there.

"One word with you, dear father," said she, gently.

"Very well; make haste—I am busy. There is much to see to to-day. Where is Fox?"

He threw himself into his armchair, and crossed his feet.

"Father," said Bessie, "I have done what you desired, and with this day a new life begins with me. I have come to ask your pardon for any grief, annoyance, or trouble I may have at any time caused you. I also ask you to forgive me for having opposed your wishes at first when you wanted me to marry Fox. I did not then understand your reasons. But it has been a hard thing for me to submit. I dare say, dear father, you can have no idea how hard it has been

for me. Now I have sworn to love Fox, and I will try my best to do so."

"Oh, love! love!" said the old man; "that is a mere word. You will get accustomed to each other, as I am to this chair."

"That may be. And yet—there is love—love that is more than a word. I suppose you loved my mother."

The old man made a deprecatory motion with his hand.

"Oh! father, without love in the house, how sad life is! I ought to know that, for I have had but little love shown me by you. Do not think I reproach you," she said, hastily, a little colour mounting into her pale face; "but I have felt the want of what, perhaps, I was not worthy to receive."

"Come—come!" said the old man; "I have no time for such talk that leads to nothing."

"But it must lead to something," urged Bessie; "for that very reason have I come here. You know, my dear father, that you made me a promise when I gave my consent, and I come now to remind you of it."

"I made no promise," said the old man impatiently.

"Indeed, father, you did; and on the strength of that promise I found the force to conquer my own heart, and make the sacrifice you required of me."

"Oh, sacrifice! sacrifice!" sneered Squire Cleverdon. "I have been a cruel father, to be sure; I have required you to offer yourself up as a victim! Pshaw! You keep your home—it becomes doubly yours—you get a husband, and retain your own name of

Cleverdon. What more do you require? It is a sacrifice to become heiress of Hall! Good faith! Your brother would give his ears for such a sacrifice as this. Go and get ready for the guests."

"I cannot go from you, father," answered Elizabeth, with gentleness, and yet, withal, with firmness. "I should be doing an injustice to myself, to my brother, and to you, were I not now to speak out. There was a compact made between us. I promised to take him whom you had determined on for me because it was your wish, and because it was necessary for the saving of the estate. I suppose Fox made it a condition. He would not help you out of your difficulties unless I gave him my hand."

"Fox knows nothing about them."

"What!" Bessie turned the colour of chalk. "Father! you do not mean what you say? He has been told all. He is aware that the mortgage is called in, and must be paid."

The old man fidgeted in his chair; he could not look his daughter in the face. He growled forth,

"You wench! what do you understand of business—of money concerns—mortgages, and the like? Say what you have to say and begone, but leave these money-matters on one side."

"I cannot, father," exclaimed Bessie, with fluttering heart; "I cannot, indeed, father. Is it so that Fox has been drawn on to take me without any knowledge of how matters stand with regard to the property?"

"All properties are burdened more or less with debts. He knows that. He does not keep his wits in his pocket. I have told him nothing, but he must know that there are mortgages. Show me the estate without them. But there, I will not speak of this matter with you; if you will not leave the room, I shall." He half rose in his seat.

"Very well, father, no more of that now. Time will show whether he was aware of, or suspected the condition Hall is in; and I trust that he may not then have to reproach you or me. That is not what I desired to speak of when I came here. I came about Anthony."

"I know but one Anthony Cleverdon, and he is your husband."

"I came in behalf of my brother and your very flesh and blood, which Fox is not. Father, you must—you must indeed suffer me to pour out my heart before you."

He growled and turned uneasily in his chair, and began to scrape the floor with his heel. His brows were knit, and his lips close set.

"Father," said Bessie, with her clear, steady eyes on him, "you speak of love as empty air, but it is not so. What but love induced me to submit myself to your will? I love you. To me Hall is nothing; a cottage with love in it, where I might sit at your feet and kiss your hand, were a thousand times dearer to me than this new cold house, where all is hard and love does not settle to live." She drew a long breath. "I love you, therefore I have bowed myself before you; and I love Anthony, and for his sake I have made the greatest sacrifice any mortal can make. I have given my life up to another whom as yet I can neither love nor respect, that I might by so doing obtain from you pardon for my brother."

"A fine pattern of love Anthony has shown!"

"Father, there is great sorrow and sickness in his house, and he is far away, venturing his life for a cause that he thinks right. He may never return. His babe is dead, his wife ill. See what misery there is hanging over him! Nothing but my love for my brother, my desire to see him again in your arms, has kept me here. When I was plagued about Fox—that is to say, when I first heard about him as seeking me—I had resolved never to marry him, and rather than marry him, I would have run away to Anthony; he would have taken me in. But I thought of you alone in this house, deserted by both your children, and I thought that by staying here I might do something for Anthony, find a proper time for speaking in his favour, and so I stayed; and then, father, when you told me in what peril the property stood, when I saw what agony of mind was yours, when I thought that with the break down of the whole ambition of your life, your grey hairs would certainly be bowed to the dust—then I conquered myself and gave up my will to yours. There is love that is more than a mere word, it is a mighty force, and oh! father, I would that you knew more of it! Father, you—your own self—have suffered most of all through your lack of love. I have seen how the consequences of your harshness towards Anthony have fallen on you, and you have suffered. I dare say you may have loved him, but I think, as you say love is nought but a word, that you can have had only pride in him, and not love—for love suffereth long and is kind. He rebelled against you because you showed him pride—not love. He offended your ambition because you had set your heart on his taking Julian and winning with her Kilworthy; he embittered your heart because he married the daughter of a man that was your enemy. What has been wounded in you has been ambition, not love. Well, Anthony has done wrong. He ought to have considered you. He has ill repaid you all that was lavished upon him from infancy. But, father, if you had given him love, instead of setting your ambition on him, it would not have been so light a matter for him to resist your will. I feel his conduct more than do you. It is because of him that I have married Fox. I have loved and cared for him since he was an infant, as though I were his mother as well as his sister. I promised my mother and his to be his guardian angel, and I have been what I could to him, and now, dutiful to my promise to her and my love of him, and my desire for your own happiness, I have given up myself. So now, father, accept the sacrifice I have made, and forgive Anthony his inconsiderate offence against you."

The old man felt rather than saw that she was nearing him, with extended hands, with tearful eyes fixed entreatingly on him. He thought how he had almost gone on his knees to her to obtain her consent to marry Fox, and he was ashamed of his temporary weakness, the outcome of his distress; now he thought he must compensate for this weakness by obstinate perseverance in his old course.

"Now, Bess," said he roughly, "no more of this. What I did promise that I will keep. I did not undertake to forgive Anthony. I never—not for one instant—gave way to your intercession for that girl—that Urith. Her I will never forgive!"

"What, father! Not if she dies?"

"No, never! not if she dies!"

"Then how can you expect forgiveness for your transgressions? Father, consider that it was not her will to marry Anthony. It was his. You taught him to be headstrong, self-willed, imperious. You taught him to deny himself nothing that he wished. He acted on the teaching you gave, and yourself is answerable for the result."

The old man drew back in his armchair and clenched his hands on the arms of the seat, so that the tendons stood out as taut strings, and the dark veins were puffed with blood.

"Father! You have now a son-in-law, taking the place in the house that should have been—that was—Anthony's. He takes his place, occupies his seat, wears his very name. Compare the two. Which is the most worthy representative of the Cleverdons, of whom you are so proud? Which is the finest man—the tall, strong, splendidly-built Tony, your own son, with his handsome face and honest eyes, or this other Anthony—this Fox who has stolen into his lair? Which is the better in heart? Tony, with all his faults, has a thousand good qualities. He has been vain, self-willed, and self-indulgent, but all this came on him from outside; you and I,

and all who had to do with him, nurtured these evil qualities. But in his inner heart he is sound, and true, and good. What is Fox? What good do we know of Fox? Will anything make of him a generous and open-hearted man?"

It seemed to Bessie as though the hands of her father that clenched the chair-arms were trembling. He moved his fingers restlessly; and for a moment she caught his eye, and thought she saw in it a tenderer look. She threw her arms about him, and, stooping, kissed the backs of his hands. It was the first time she had dared to kiss him. He thrust her from him.

"Pshaw!" said he. "Do you suppose I am to be cajoled against my judgment?"

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Bessie, drawing back. "No, father, you shall not put me off. I will not be put off. I have won a right to insist on what I ask being heard and granted."

"Indeed!" He looked up at her with recovered hardness in his eye, and with his hands nerved to the same icy grip. "Indeed! You have acquired a right over me?"

"I have, father. I will be heard!"

"Very well; I hold to what I promised. Perhaps," he laughed bitterly, "perhaps I may think of the possibility of Anthony obtaining my forgiveness. Yes," said he, as a sudden access of better feeling rushed over him, as in his mind's eye the form of his handsome son rose up before him, "yes, let him come to me as the prodigal son, and speak like the prodigal, and desert his swine-husks, and then I will kill the fatted calf and bring forth the ring."

Still the same. He could see no fault in himself—no error in his treatment of his son.

Bessie would have answered, but that the door was thrust open, and in came Fox, agitated, angry, alarmed.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted, addressing the Squire, regardless of the presence of Bessie. "What is this about? Here is that fellow—that man from Exeter—here again at the door, with two others—and—"

"And what?"

"He says they are bailiffs, come to take possession."

"What! to-day! Then, son-in-law, you must pay them off. I cannot. Save Hall for yourself."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PIGEON-COTE

"WHAT is the meaning of this?" asked Fox. Are these wedding-guests, invited to help to make merry?"

Old Cleverdon looked at Fox, then at the door, in which, behind his son-in-law, entered the stranger from Exeter.

"This is Master French," said the Squire.

"I do not care what he is named; but what his business?" said Fox, rudely. "Come in, Master French, and let us have this load winnowed. You had better go." The last words were addressed to Bessie.

"This is what I have come about," said the stranger, entering. "The bill for foreclosure has been filed; and, unless the mortgage-money be paid within fourteen days, then, Master Cleverdon, you stand absolutely debarred and precluded from all rights, title, suit, and equity of redemption in or to the premises, which thenceforth become the absolute property of the mortgagee."

"And this," exclaimed Fox—"this is the meaning of my being constituted heir to Hall! Come, Squire, you must take me into council; for, please to know that now you have hooked me into your family and house, I must eat off the same trencher as you. You don't suppose I married Bess for her beauty, do you? What have you there?"

The old man had gone to his desk, and unlocked it.

Fox pressed after him, put his hand on his shoulder, and thrust him aside. "Let me see your accounts, your mortgages, and whatever you have beside stuffed into that cabinet of mysteries."

"Is there no means of raising the requisite money?" asked French. "Times are bad; but—still money is to be had somewhere. You must have friends and relatives who can help."

"Relatives—none," said the old man. "Friends—I have but Justice Crymes."

"And he is away," said Fox, looking over his shoulder.

"Away, putting his head into a noose."

"You have a fortnight," said French. "I was sorry for you, but—I must perform my duty. If in a fortnight the sum be forthcoming—"

"A pretty sum it is!" shouted Fox, who had got hold of the mortgage. "And this is what my father is to be cajoled into finding. That is the meaning of all the hurry and scramble of the marriage."

"I have debts due to me, but I cannot get the money in—in time," said old Cleverdon.

"If not in time, then as well never," said Fox. "Come, you French, tell me all about it."

The stranger—an attorney from Exeter—looked at Mr. Cleverdon, who nodded his head. He knew that eventually the whole matter must be made known to his son-in-law, but he had not reckoned on it coming to a crisis so soon.

Mr. French plainly stated all the circumstances. A large sum had been borrowed on the property some years ago when purchased by Anthony Cleverdon, the elder, and this sum had been called in. His client, the mortgagee, was dead, and the executors were resolved, obliged, in fact, to realise the estate, and could not be put off. Mr. Cleverdon had been given due notice, and had neglected to attend to it; the mortgage money had not been paid, consequently a bill had been filed in Chancery, and unless the entire sum were forthcoming within fourteen days, the Cleverdons would have to leave the place, which would pass over to the executors, who would sell it.

Fox followed what was said with close attention, and without interruption. The only token of his feelings was the contraction and twitching of his hard sandy eyelashes. When Mr. French ceased speaking, he laughed aloud, hoarsely and hysterically, and became deadly white. His eyes turned to old Cleverdon, and with lips curled and livid over his teeth he looked at him in speechless rage for some minutes. He was like a mean and angry beast, driven to bay, and watching his opportunity to fly out and bite.

Then all at once, with a voice half in a scream, half-choked, he poured forth reproaches on the Squire.

"By heaven! I did suppose that no one could get the better of me; but I had not reckoned on the craft of an old country farmer, in whom sharp dealing has gone down from father to son, and roguery has been an heritage never parted with, never diminished, always bettered with each generation. And I have had to take this scurvy name of Cleverdon so as to involve me in the disgrace of the family, and mated with it to a maid with an ugly face and no wit—all to get me entangled so that I must with my own hands pull the Cleverdons—the Cleverdons," he sneered and spat on the floor, "pull with my hands, these Cleverdons out of the ditch into which they have tumbled, or lie down and be swallowed up in the mire with them. I will not do it. I will neither help you nor go into the dirt with you. I will leave you to yourselves, and laugh till my sides crack when you are turned out of the house. Where will you go—you and your beggarly daughter? Shall I see if there be room in the poorhouse at Peter Tavy? Listen! he screamed, and turned to the attorney, "Listen to what this man, this old grey-haired rascal has done. He comes

of a breed of sheep-dealers, accustomed to get a wether between the knees and shear her; got horny hands from the plough tail, boots that smell of the stables, arms accustomed to heave the dung-fork—this is what they have been, and he goes and buys Hall with other folks' money, and buys himself a coat of arms with other folks' money, and builds a mansion in place of his old tumble-about-the-ears farmhouse with other folks' money, and puts what money he will into the hands of that brag and bombast talker, his son, to humble and insult the young gentles of good blood and name—and, mark you, it is other folks' money—and then—then he offers to make me his heir if I will take his daughter, whom no one else will look at and give a thank-you for, and assume his name—his name that reeks of the stable-yard. When I do so, then I find I am heir to nothing but beggary!" He shrieked with rage, and held out his hands threateningly at the old man.

The Squire became at first purple with rage; he rose from his seat slowly. His eyes glittered like steel. He was not the man to be spoken to in this manner, to be insulted in himself and his family! His hand clenched. Old though he was, his sinews were tough and his hands were heavy.

Fox came at him with head down between his shoulders, his sharp chin extended, his hands like the claws of a hawk catching in air.

The attorney stepped between them, or father and son-in-law would have done each other an injury. He laid hold of Fox by the shoulder and thrust him back, and bade him cease from profitless abuse of an unfortunate man, who was, moreover, his father, and to collect his thoughts, consider the situation, and decide whether he and his father would find the money and save Hall.

"Find the money!" said Fox. "Do you not hear that my father is away on a fool's errand, gone to join the rebels; was taking them money, several hundreds of pounds, when he was robbed by the way." He burst into harsh, hysterical laughter once more, "My father will not be home for a fortnight if he does come home at all. How am I to find the money? Kilworthy is not mine. It belongs to my sister."

"Cannot your sister assist you?"

"She would not if she could, but she can touch nothing; it is held in trust, and my father is trustee. Let Hall go, and the Cleverdons along with it. What care I?"

"You are now yourself a Cleverdon," retorted the Squire.

"By Heavens," gasped Fox, "that I—that I should be outwitted, and by you!" Then he swung through the door and disappeared.

The old man remained standing with clenched hands for some minutes. The sweat had broken out on his brow, his grey hair, smoothed for the wedding ceremony, had bristled with rage and shame, and become entangled and knotted on his head. If it had not been for the convulsive twitching of the corners of the mouth, he might have been supposed a statue.

Presently he put his hands down on the arms of his chair, and slowly let himself sink into the seat. The colour died out of his cheeks and from his brow, and he became ashen in hue. His hands rested on the chair arms, motionless. His lips moved as though he were speaking to himself; and he was so—he was repeating the insolent words—the words wounding to his pride, to his honour, that had been shot at him from the envenomed heart of Fox; and these hurt him more than the thoughts of the disaster that menaced.

"Do not be overcome by his spite," said French. "He is disappointed, and his disappointment has made him speak words he will regret. He must and will help you. My clients would not deal harshly with you—they respect you, but are forced to act. They do not want your estate but their money—that they are compelled to call together. If this young gentleman be your son-in-law and heir, it is his interest to save the property, and he will do it if he can. His father can be found in a couple of days, and when found can be induced to lend the money, if he has the means at his disposal. Perhaps in a week all will be right."

Squire Cleverdon did not speak.

"And now," said French, "with your consent I will refresh myself, and leave you to your own thoughts. It is a pity that you did not take steps earlier to save yourself."

"I could not—I could not. I was ashamed to ask of any one. I thought, that is, I never thought the demand was serious."

Fox had gone forth to the stable to saddle a horse; finding no one about in the yard, he seated himself on the corn-box, and remained lost in thought, biting his nails. All the men connected with the farm were in the kitchen having cake and ale, and drinking the health of the bride heartily, and secretly confusion to the bridegroom, whom they detested, both for his own character, which was pretty generally judged, and also, especially, because he had stepped into the place and name of their beloved young Anthony, who, though he had tyrannised over them, was looked up to, and liked by all.

All was silent in the stable save for the stamp occasionally of a horsehoof and the rattle of the halters at the mangers. Bessie's grey was nearest to Fox, and the beast occasionally turned her head and looked at him out of her clear, gentle eyes.

Fox put his sharp elbows on his knees, and drove his fingers through his thin red hair. He was in a dilemma. He was married to Bessie, and adopted into the family. As the old man had said to him, he was now a Cleverdon. It had cost him a large sum to obtain this privilege, and he could not resume his patronymic without the cost of a fresh grant from the College of Arms. Moreover, that would not free him from his alliance.

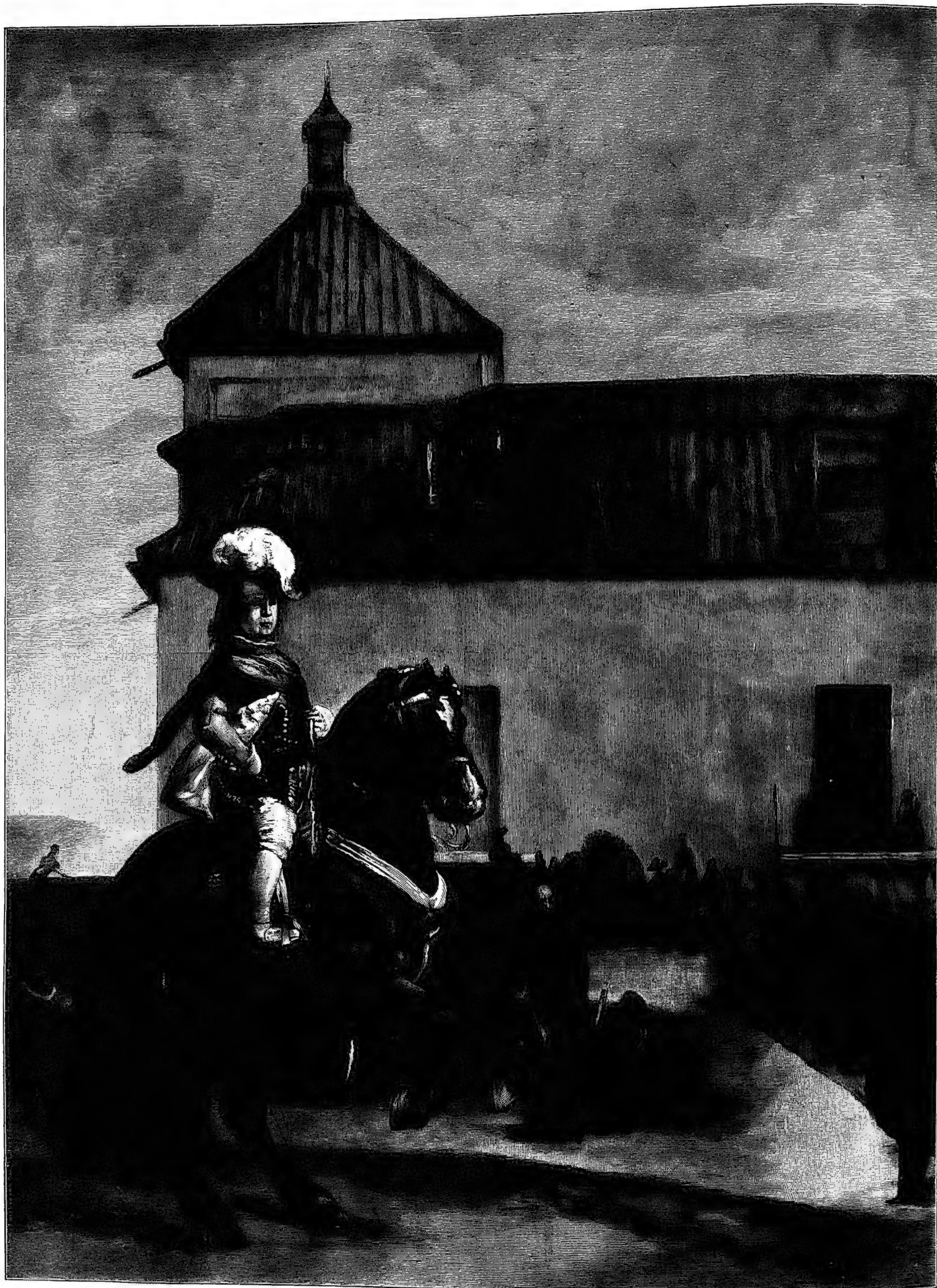
Nothing, perhaps, so galled the thoughts of Fox as the consciousness that he had been over-reached—he who had deemed himself incomparably the shrewdest and keenest man in the district; who had despised and laughed at old Cleverdon—never more than when luring him on with the hopes of winning Julian. He had done this out of pure malice, with the desire of making the old man ridiculous, and of enjoying the disappointment that was inevitable. He had played his trick upon his father-in-law; but the table had been turned on him in compound degree.

His father-in-law was right—he was a Cleverdon, and his fortunes were bound up with Hall. If Hall were lost, he had lost all but the trifle he was likely to receive from his father. If Hall was to be saved, it must be saved by him; and, had he known that it was likely to be sold, he would never have encumbered himself with a wife—with Bessie—and degraded himself to take the name of Cleverdon instead of his own ancient and honourable patronymic. He would have waited a fortnight; and, if he could get the money together, would have bought Hall, and enjoyed the satisfaction of turning the Cleverdons out of it.

It was now too late. He must decide on his course of conduct. He did not think of doing what Mr. French supposed he would—ride in quest of his father. He would not venture himself in the quarters of Monmouth, and run the risk of being supposed to have any sympathy or connection with the rebellion. Moreover, he very much doubted whether his father could, if he would, assist in this matter.

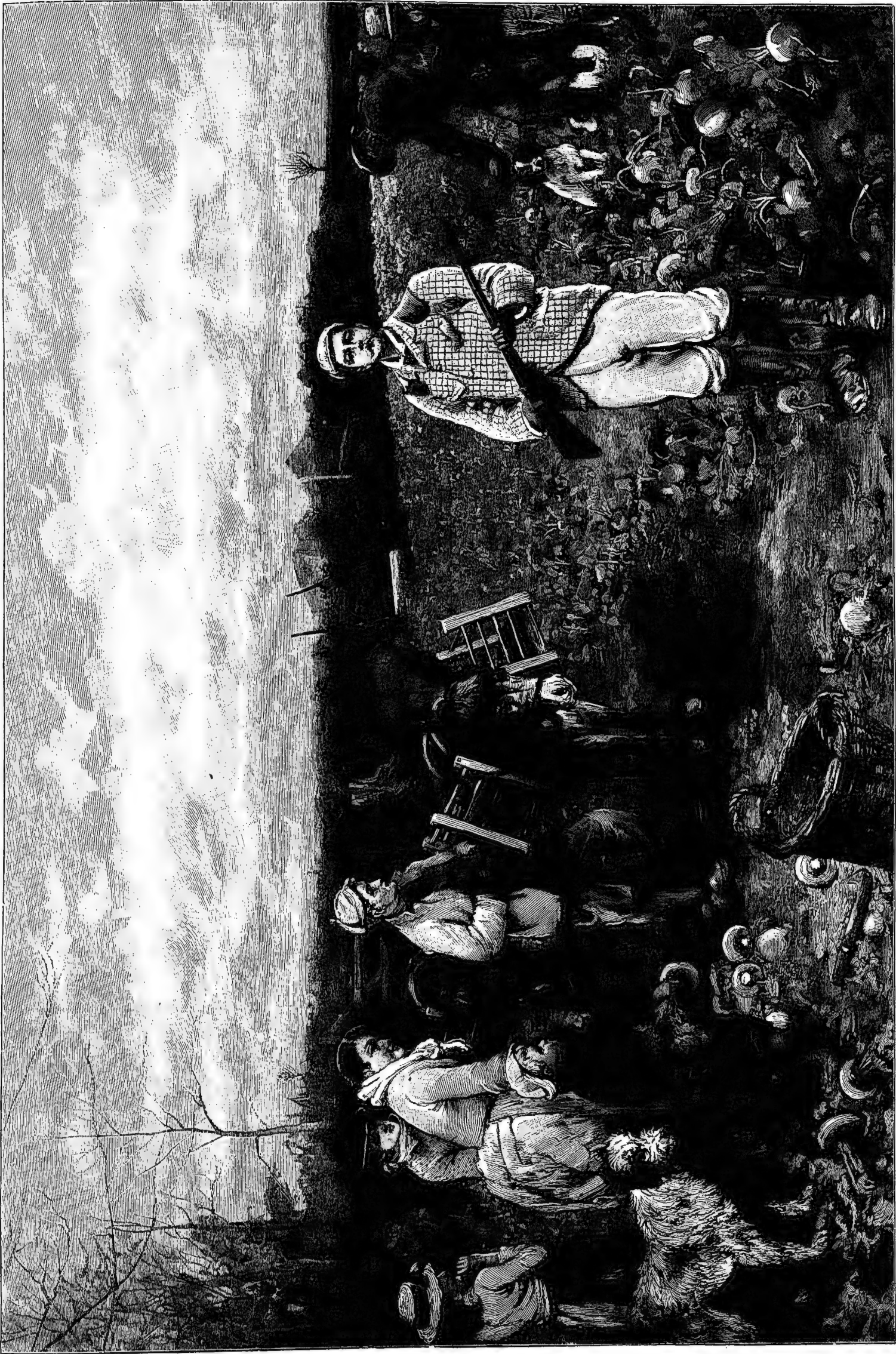
Presently he stood up, went to the grey, saddled her, and rode to Kilworthy.

On reaching that place he put up the horse himself, and stole up the steps to the first terrace, on which grew a range of century-old yews, passed behind the yews to the end of the terrace, where was an abandoned pigeon-house, a circular stone building, with conical roof. The door was open, and Fox went in. The wooden door



BY PERMISSION OF SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART.

PORTRAIT OF DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS
FROM THE PICTURE BY VELAZQUEZ, EXHIBITED AT THE EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"THE YOUNG SQUIRE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN R. REID, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Golf for Duffers

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Oh! well with thee, my brother,
Who hast not known the game,
When early gleams of gladness
Aye set in after sadness;
And still the end is other,
Far other, than the aim.
Oh! well with thee my brother,
Who hast not known the game.

So, if memory does not deceive, runs the inspired lay of the bard of the *Saturday Review*. It is of Golf that he sings, not of Nap or Poker, or Pitch-furthing, or any other exciting, but deceitful and deleterious sport. Many have sung and written of it of late, and soon the searcher of bibliographies will find the titles of a multitude of works under the heading "Golf." "What," said a friend to this writer the other day, as he took up Mr. Horace Hutchinson's contribution to the Badminton Library, "what, all that great book about hitting a little ball with a stick!" But this and other learned works are written by "golfers of degree," past masters in the art of "hitting the little ball." It yet remains for the subject to be treated from the other side, from the point of view, and for the comfort, of the Duffer. This, the present writer considers himself qualified to do, and for the best of reasons, he wots of none who can play worse than he.

Now as all men know, or ought to know, the game of golf consists in striking a small ball of some hard material into a series of holes—generally eighteen in number—with a variety of wooden and iron-headed clubs, which experience has proved to be the best adapted to the purpose. At first sight this looks easy enough. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the beginner sometimes does find it fairly easy—for the first time or two. He takes the driver with that beautiful confidence which is born of ignorance; hits at the ball somehow, and it goes—somehow; not a full drive of 180 yards or so, indeed, but still a very respectable distance. Arrived safely in the neighbourhood of the first green, he is told that he must putt the ball into a hole about the size of a jam pot. Perhaps he does it at the first attempt, and from a distance whence an experienced player would be quite content to lay his ball near the hole. Then he remarks that "it seems pretty easy." Probably his adversary will assent with a sardonic smile, and wait for the revenge that time will surely bring. He need not wait long; it may be to-day or to-morrow; but an hour will come when he will see the triumphant tyro scarcely able to hit the ball, much less to send it flying through the air, or wriggling sinuously into the putting-hole, perhaps from a dozen yards away. He will see him cutting up huge lumps of turf behind it—this diversion is called "agriculture"—or smiting it on the head with such force as to drive it into the ground, or "topping" it so that it rolls meekly into the nearest bush, or "pulling" it into the dyke on the left, or "toeing" it into the sand-bunker on the right; doing everything, in short, that he should not do, and leaving undone all those things that he should do. For days and weeks he will see him thus employed, and then, if he is a revengeful person, he will take some particularly suitable occasion, when the ball has been totally missed three or four times on the tee, say, to ask, if he, the tyro, "really thinks golf so very easy."

Let none be deceived—as golf is the most delightful game in the world, so it is also the most difficult. It is easier even for a person who has never handled a gun to learn to become a really good shot than for him who has not lifted cleek or driver to bloom into a golfer of the first water. To the young, indeed, all things are possible, but to few of those who begin after thirty will it ever be given to excel. By dint of hard practice and care, in the course of years they may become second or third-rate players, but for the most part their names will never appear as competitors in the great matches of the world of golf. To begin with, but a small proportion will ever acquire the correct "swing," that is the motion of the arms and club necessary to drive the ball far and sure. We have all heard of and seen the "St. Andrew's Swing," but how many can practise it with the results common at St. Andrew's and elsewhere among first-class players. When success attends in the swing, then the ball is topped or heeled, and when the ball goes off well, then the less said about the swing the better. It is instructive to watch any gathering of golfers made up for the most part of players who have not been bred to the game. The majority of them are content with the half-swing, they do not lift the club over the shoulder. If asked their reasons, they will say with truth, that there is only some thirty yards difference between a drive from a half and a drive from a full swing, and that the former is far easier and more certain than the latter. Quite so, but it is not the game; and he who aspires to learn to play the game will prefer to swing full and fail gloriously rather than to attain a moderate success in this fashion. But the swing is only one of a hundred arts that have to be learned before a man can pretend to play golf. Till he has mastered these, or a goodly proportion of them, he does not play, he only knocks a ball along, a humble amusement with which alas! most of us must needs be content for the term of our natural lives. Golf, like Art, is a goddess whom we must woo from early youth if we would win her; we must even be born to her worship. No other skill will avail us here, the most brilliant cricketer does not necessarily make a first-class golfer; on the contrary, he must begin by forgetting his cricket; he must not lift himself on his toes and *hit* like a batsman making a drive. Doubtless, the eye which helps a man to excel in shooting, at tennis, or cricket, will advantage him here to some extent, but, on the other hand, he will have much to forget, much to unlearn. He must clear his mind of all superstitions, he must humble his pride in the sand, and begin with a new heart and a meek spirit, well knowing that failure is his goal. For he will never, never learn to play—it is folly to expect otherwise. Each evening he will see his mistakes and avow amendment to himself and to his partner, and yet, when the morrow is done, will come home murmuring:—

It was last night I swore to thee
That I would be a golfer.

Impossibility! For the middle-aged duffer this world sums it all. It may be said, Then why have anything to do with such a hopeless sport? Let him who asks play golf once, and he will understand why. He will go on playing because he must. Drink, opium, gambling—from the clutches of all these it is possible to escape, but from golf, never! Has anybody ever seen a man who gave up golf? Certainly dead donkeys are more common than these. Be once beguiled to the investment of five shillings in a driver, and abandon hope. Your fate is sure. The driver will be broken in a week, but what will you be? You are doomed for life, or till limbs and eyesight fail you—doomed to strive continually to conquer an unconquerable game. Undoubtedly golf is not so innocent as it seems, it has dangerous possibilities. Can we not easily conceive a man middle-aged, happy, prosperous, regular in his attendance at business, and well satisfied with an annual outing at the seaside? And can we not picture him again after golf has laid its hold upon him? He is no longer happy, for he plays not better and better, but worse and worse. Prosperity has gone, for the time that he should give to work he devotes to the pernicious sport. He has quarrelled with his wife, for he has not broken all the drawing-room china in the course of practising his "swing" on Sundays, and estranged his friends, who can no longer endure to be bored with his eternal talk of golf? As for the annual outing, it does not satisfy him at

all; cost what it will, he must be on the links five days out of every seven. There is no need to follow him further, or we might dwell on the scene, as yet far off, for this poison is slow, when battered, broken, bankrupt, his very clubs in pawn for a few shillings, he perambulates a some third-rate links, no longer as a player, but in the capacity of the superannuated caddie. Here is matter of romance indeed: the motive is generously presented to any novelist weary of portraying the effects of drink and cards. "The Goller's End; or, The Demon Driver," should prove an effective title.

And yet even for those who will never really master it, the game is worth the caddie. To begin with, it has this startling merit, the worse you play the more sport you get. If the fisherman slacks his line, and lets off the salmon, or the shooter misses the only wood-line, and the batsman is bowled first ball off a lob, there is an end of those particular delights. But when the golfer tops his ball, or trickles it into a furze-bush, or lands it in a sand-bunker, it is but the beginning of joy, for there it lies patiently awaiting a renewal of his maltreatment. His sport is only limited by the endurance of his muscle, or, perchance, of his clubs, and at the end of the round, whereas the accomplished player will have enjoyed but eighty or a hundred strokes, the duffer can proudly point to a total of twice that number. Moreover he has hurt no one, unless it be the caddie, or the feelings of his partner in a foursome. By the way, the wise duffer should make a point of playing alone, or search out an opponent of equal incapacity; he should not be led into foursomes with members of the golfing aristocracy, that is if he has a proper sense of pride, and a desire not to look ridiculous. He should even avoid the company of members of his own family on these occasions, lest it chance that they lose respect for a man and a father who repeatedly tries to hit a small ball with a stick with the most abject results, and is even betrayed by his failure into the use of language foreign to the domestic hearth. Here is advice for him who has been bitten of the mania. Let him select a little-frequented inland links, and practise on them studiously about two hundred days a year for three years or so, either alone, or in the company of others of his own kidney. By this time, unless he is even less gifted than the majority of beginners, he will probably be able to play after a modest and uncertain fashion. Then let him resort to some more fashionable green, and having invested in an entirely new set of clubs, pose before the world as a novice to the game, for thus he will escape the scorn of men. But let him not reverse the process. Thus he who, in his ignorance or pride, takes train to Wimbledon, and in the presence of forty or fifty masters of the art, solemnly misses the ball three times on the first tee, may perchance never recover from the shock.

Nor will those years of effort and of failure be without their own reward. He will have tramped his gorse common till every bush and sod is eloquent to him of some past adventure. This is the short green, that by some marvellous accident he once did in *one*, driving his ball from the tee even into the little far-away putting-hole. Here is a spot which he can never pass without a shudder, where he nearly killed his opponent's caddie, that scornful boy who, for many days accustomed to see him topping and patting his ball along from green to green, remained unmoved by his warning shouts of "fore," till one unlucky hour, when by some strange chance he drove full and fair. Crack! went the ball from his brassy. Crack! it came full on the youthful head thirty yards away, and then a yell of agony, and a sickening vision of heels kicking wildly in the air, and presently a sound of clinking silver coin. There, too, is the exact place, whence for the first (and perchance the last) time he drove over the beetling cliff, and out of the great bunker, the long way too, not the ladies' way—a feat not often accomplished by the skilful. A hundred and ninety-one yards that drive measured, though it is true an envious and long-legged friend who had forced his own ball an inch deep into the sand of the cliff, stepped it at a hundred and eighty-four. He can never forget that supreme moment, it will be with him till his dying hour. Our first large salmon safely brought to bank, a boy's first rocketing pheasant, clean and coolly killed, these afford memories that draw as near to perfect happiness as anything in this imperfect world, but it may be doubted if they can compare to the sense of utter triumph, of ecstatic exhilaration with which, for the first time, we watch the ball, propelled by our unaided skill, soar swiftly over the horrid depths of an hitherto unconquered bunker. There is a tale—a true one, or it would not be produced here—that, being true, shall be told as an example of noble patience fitly crowned and celebrated.

A wanderer musing in a rugged place was, of a sudden, astonished to see and hear an old gentleman, bearing a curiously shaped stick, walking up and down and chanting the *Nunc Dimittis* as he walked. Moved by curiosity, he came to the aged singer, and asked,

"Why do you chant the *Nunc Dimittis* on the edge of this golf?"

"For this reason, sir," he answered, pointing to a golf-ball that lay upon the turf. "For seventeen years and more I have attempted, almost daily, to drive a ball across that bunker, and but now I have succeeded for the first time. The object of my life is attained, and I am ready to die. That, sir, is why I sing."

Then the wanderer took off his hat, and went away, marvelling at the infatuation of golfers.

It need scarcely be said that the foregoing remarks apply to, and are intended for, the consideration of male duffers. It would have been agreeable to extend them to the other sex, but space demands brevity. Golf is a man's game, but here, too, women assert their rights. Not that they are all fond of it; by no means. On the contrary, a young lady has been heard, and recently, to express her decided opinion that a law should be passed against its practice during the summer months. This was a lawn-tennis young lady. And another informed this writer that she held golf to be a "horrid game, where everybody goes off like mad, glaring at a little ball, without a word for anybody." Others, it is true, attack the question in a different spirit—they play, and play well. It is curious to observe their style; that they do everything wrong is obvious even to the male incompetent. They stand in front of the ball, they swing their club wildly in preparation, and finally bring it down with an action that suggests reminiscences of a cook jointing veal; but the ball goes, for these young ladies have a good eye and a strong arm. Perhaps no woman-player could ever attain to a really first-rate standard, for however vigorous she may be she cannot drive like a man. But with practice there seems to be no reason why she should not approach and putt as well as any man; and certainly she can talk golfing-shop with equal persistency.

And now this duffer will conclude with a word of advice to the world at large—that they should forthwith enter the noble fraternity of duffers, of those who try to play golf and cannot. They will never succeed—at least, not ten per cent. of them will succeed. They will knock balls from green to green, and reverence Mr. Horace Hutchinson more truly and deeply than the great ones of the earth are generally revered; that is all. But they will gain health and strength in the pursuit of a game which has all the advantages of sport without its expense and cruelty; they will note many a changing light on land and sea; and last, but not least, for several hours a week they will altogether forget their worries, together with Law, Art, Literature, or whatever wretched occupation the Fates have given it to them to follow in the pursuit of their daily bread. For soon—alas! too soon—the votary of golf—that great gift of Scotland to the world—will own but one ambition, an ambition but rarely to be attained. Thus, he will sing with the poet

Who list may grasp at greatness
Who list may woo and wive;
Wealth, wisdom, power, position—
These make not my ambition.
Nay but I pray for straightness,
And do desire to drive.
Who list may grasp at greatness,
Who list may woo and wive.



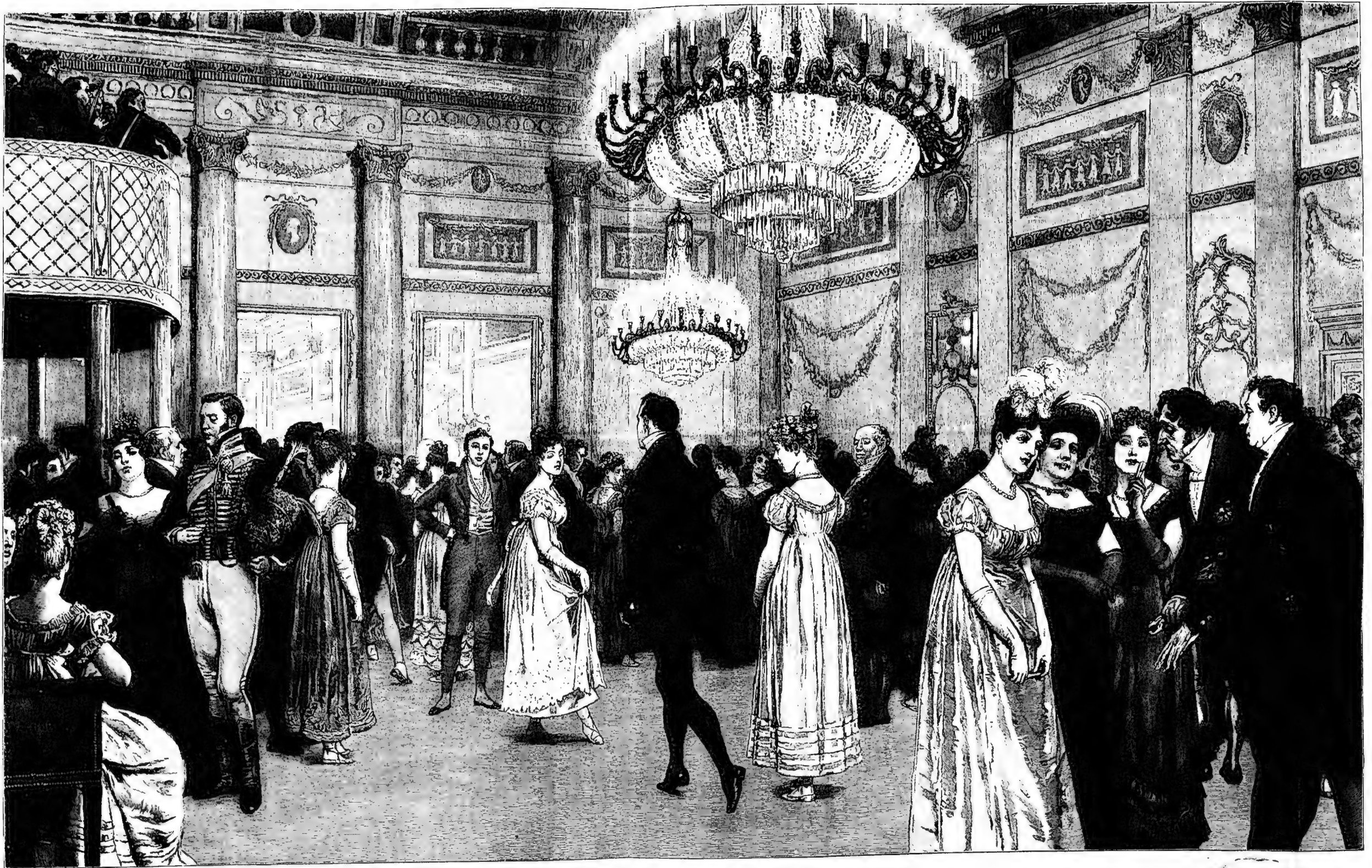
MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND PAGE.—A devotional song for the Sabbath day is "Dormientes" ("They are Not Dead, But Sleep"), written and composed by Valéry H. Dexter and J. Blumenhal; this pathetic song is published in three keys.—For three songs somewhat out of the ordinary groove J. W. Elliott has composed the appropriate music. "The Storm Warriors" is a stirring and dramatic tale of a lifeboat, written by Clifton Bingham; "The Merry Mariner," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, is a meet companion for the above; there is a classical tone in "Cleon, the Wrestler," by Hugh Paterson. We learn from this poem that the stalwart hero was crowned king of his countrymen, and afterwards Leigh Kingsmill has caught the spirit of Lovelace's "Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make," and set it to good music.—By the composer above mentioned is a pretty waltz song, "Adoration," words by Rosa Carlyle.—Good contralto singers will find "Afterwards," written and composed by Ellis Walton and Frances Allitsen, a pleasing song for the drawing-room.—And in the home circle "Bairnie," the pathetic words by Augustus Hancock, music by Ralph Morrison, will please.—"Classics Without Octaves" (No. 2, Schumann), arranged by André Baptiste; "Fröhliche Stücke," by G. Sarkowski; and "Chansonette," by Max Werner, are refined, and will be heartily welcomed in the schoolroom and the drawing-room.—From Fabian Rose we have "Second March in C," a spirited piece for the pianoforte; "Castagnette," *entr'acte* for the pianoforte; "Fly Away Polka;" and "Adoration Waltz;" all four excellent specimens of their respective schools.—Two tuneful and dance-provoking waltzes are "Say Yes!" by P. von Tugginer, and "Cordova Waltz," by Juan Gomez.—No. 2 of "Phillips's and Page's Dance Album" is one of the best of its useful form of publication. The contents are "Thine for Ever" and "Arrow Waltzes," by Fabian Rose; "Nursery Rhymes Singing Quadrilles" and "Covent Garden Lancers," by Godfrey White; "Horse Guards Schottische" and "Mia Rosa Waltz," by Scott Leslie; and "Carnival Polka," by Max Werner.

MESSRS. RICORDI AND CO.—"Five Popular English Songs," by F. P. Tosti, published in album form, comprise some of his most popular love ditties, amongst which are the old-established favourites, "For Ever and For Ever," "Ask Me No More," and "Help Me to Pray."—By the above-named composer are: "Altre Pagine d'Album," twelve melodies, a very charming and varied group, with French or Italian words by well-known poets, most noteworthy amongst which are "Tout Passe, Tout Lasse, Tout Casse" (G. Nadaud), "Antoine" (Armand Souvestre), "Primavera" (E. Panzacchi), "Guitare" (Victor Hugo), and "Dimmi Fanciulla" (A. Focazzaro); the last-named is a dainty little duet for equal voices.—A quaint and very pleasing vocal duet is "Spanish Cradle Song" ("El Niño de Mario") the words from Fernan Caballero's collection of Spanish Folk-Songs, music by Maude Valérie White.—"Love Light," a song, with violin or flute and cello accompaniment *ad lib.*, words by C. Hubi Newcombe, music by Thomas Hutchinson, is well worthy of a good place in a concert programme; it is published in four keys.—Three useful and taking songs for the drawing-room are: "It is For You to Say!" written and composed by Clifton Bingham and L. Denza; "The Dear Old Days," words by Arthur Chapman, music by G. Sala; and, prettiest of the group, "Back to the Old Love," music by F. P. Tosti, poetry by Clifton Bingham.—"Ricordi's Cheap Edition of Dance Music," Vol. II., contains "Scented Breeze Waltz" ("Brezza Perfumata"), and "Among the Clouds Waltz" ("Fra Nubi"), by G. Capitani; "Through the Meadows Waltz" ("Sal Prati"), by M. Sala; "Hilda Polka" (S. Giovanni); "Ciribiribì, Ciribiribì, Bi-Bi Polka" (Paolo Maesani); "A Golden Dream Mazurka" (Carlo Besozzi); and "Hop!" Galop, by G. Burgmein. This collection will prove most useful at carpet dances, as the music possesses the charm of freshness and novelty.—"Six Romances" for the pianoforte, by Carlo Albani, are well worthy of their name; they should be committed to memory and played in the gloaming.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—From Dr. Wm. Spark come two cheery part-songs which may be sung by the fireside, as they do not require an accompaniment; they are respectively, "We May Laugh and We May Sing," words by J. D. Eccles, and "Hail, Britannia;" but these songs may be quickly learnt by heart.—Out of the common groove is "Prayer," a lyrical legend (with an *ad lib.* part for the organ), words by "Aurifaber," music by Jno. E. d'Aulby. A cultivated singer, with a voice of medium compass, may produce a good effect with this dramatic song. One of our most rising composers is Gerard F. Cobb, who has written and composed a taking song, "A Reconciliation," published in two keys.—Pianists and violinists will find much to please and improve them in "Polonaise" for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment; "Twenty Four Melodic Studies" for pianoforte, and "Tarentelle," for pianoforte, by L. A. De Orellana.—The same may be said of two pieces for pianoforte, by Sidney Shaw, "Nocturne," No. 1; "Capriccio," No. 2; "Lurline," and second "Gondoliera," for the pianoforte, by Gustav Ernest.

D. WILCOX.—A thoughtful and devotional sacred song is "The Light of Life," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and J. G. Veaco, published in three keys; there are violin (obligato) and organ or harmonium accompaniments (*ad lib.*) to this song which should be used when available.—"Love's Harvest" is a somewhat commonplace poem by Lindsay Lennox, well set to music by T. Capel Seary; this song has a violin and cello obbligato (*ad lib.*).—A pleasing song of the sea is "Sailing Homeward;" the tragical ending is quite unlooked for; the words are by Knight Summers, the music is by Theo. Bonheur.—A "Valse Brillante in A," for the piano, by L. B. Mallett, is well worthy of its name.—Lively and tuneful is "Dance of the Gnomes," composed by Theo. Bonheur; it is arranged both as a solo and a duet for the pianoforte.—It is long since we have come across such a stirring and taking schottische as "The Macgregor," by Warwick Williams, who has thoroughly caught the spirit of the Scottish music; this schottische will certainly be encored wherever it is played and listened to with pleasure even by those who cannot dance to its strains.—"Sweet Roses Valse," by Theo. Bonheur, is pretty and dance-inspiring.

ST. CECILIA MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—A romantic little poem by J. Finlay Finlayson is "The Rose's Mission," which has been gracefully set to music by Max Schröter, published in three keys.—"Towards Our Own, Our Native Shore," is a pretty song of a domesticated type, written and composed by Muriel Knyvet and Oscar Wagner.—Two brief and very graceful pianoforte pieces, by F. V. Kornatzki, are "Gavotte Loyale" and "Serenata."—Again comes a pleasing addition to the drawing-room repertory, "Caprice Espagnol," for violin and pianoforte, by John W. Gritton.



ALMACK'S IN THE DAYS OF ITS FASHION, FORTUNE, AND FAME
DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

Dream of Gatty Fleming" (Hutchinson).—A sterner element enters into "Minster Lovel" (Shaw), for Miss Emily Ho has usual chooses a historical basis, and this time delivers a scathing indictment of Archbishop Laud and his High Church practices. Indeed, the question of doctrine decidedly overwhelms the story.

For somewhat younger girls "Little Great Grandmother" (Routledge), by Mrs. Herbert Martin, is a pretty short tale of a century ago, with a very natural heroine.—Now "The Little Princess Angel" (Walter Smith and Innes) is almost too perfect for truth, though Stella Austin draws a charming picture of the Italian maiden in her English home, and the despair at her loss.—However, "Rosebud" (Routledge), by Mrs. Adams-Aceton, is more mundane, with all her quaintness, and may suggest to little girls how to cheer up their families under reverses.—Pearl of the "Merchant and Mountebank" (Shaw), by "Brenda," was just as nice when she persuaded her self-satisfied father to do good to others, an example to "The Spoilt Twins" (Nisbet), by Emily Dittin—an uncomfortable pair, very disturbing to the family with whom they took up their quarters.—Young ones with a taste for botany may learn much from "Alexis and His Flowers" (Fisher Unwin), as Beatrice Cresswell will teach them flower-lore in simple and attractive style. This is an excellent prize-book.—Lastly, the old writers have not yet dropped out of sight, judging from two good reprints of Miss Edgeworth's well-known stories entitled "Early Lessons" and "The Parent's Assistant" (Routledge).

The remaining picture-books suit quite young people. Glowing are the hues and merry the verses of "John Chinaman" (Griffith, Farran), with its scenes of life and people in the land of the Celestials. Rowe Lingstone furnishes the pleasant descriptions, and the volume is just the thing to interest juveniles in Chinese manners and customs.—Or young readers may like to hear about their Australian contemporaries in the bright stories of two worlds by various writers, edited by Mrs. A. Patchett Martin as "Over the Sea" (Griffith Farran). Daintily illustrated, this book is a capital present, like a similar volume of short tales, due to numerous contributors, "Told by the Fireside" (same publishers), whose heroes and heroines Marie Seymour Lucas draws with clever pencil.—Mrs. H. M. Stanley is the artist of another collection of brief prose sketches, "Stories for Somebody" (Griffith, Farran), by Edith Carrington, but her contributions vary considerably in merit.—No less prettily got up and illustrated are another pair from the same publisher: namely, E. M. Green's attractive memories of youthful days "When we were Children," with W. G. Burton's drawings, and the biography of bewitching twin-damsels, "The Little Ladies," wherein Helen Milman tells a story in charming fashion, and E. F. Harding's cuts well match the text.—Little people always like to hear about the animal world, so in Messrs. Griffith and Farran's "Newbery Toy Books" they may learn all about "Birds," "Beasts," and "Fishes" from E. C. Phillips (Mrs. Horace Looker), who knows exactly how to interest children while the clear pictures help out the explanations.—The drawings and text of "The Children's Delight" (Ward, Lock) are in much the same style for a less advanced audience.—To return to the animals, Constance E. Howell affords a tempting "Peep into Cat-Land," (Warne), peopled with the most fascinating pussies in and out of mischief—all tabbies, by the way; while Puss's natural enemy, the dog, has his day in "Bob, the Spotted Terrier" (Routledge), the record of a sadly-chequered career, with lifelike canine portraits by Harrison Weir. The animals and the fairies divide the honours in another of Messrs. Skeffington's annual volumes of short stories, "Please Tell Me Another Tale," which is as full of plums as its predecessors, and the Rev. S. Baring Gould has many funny things to say about the four-footed world when he relates the history of "My Prague Pig" (Skeffington), and other remarkable beings in a most laughable little book.

Our list of annuals includes the *Magazine of Art*, *Little Folks*, and *Bo-Peep* (Cassell), *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine* (Isbister), the *Prize and Chatterbox* (Wells Gardner), the *Child's Own Magazine* (Sunday School Union), and *Our Darlings* (Shaw).

TO THE FAR EAST BY THE WEST

NEXT year will see the beginning of an enterprise which may have far-reaching results. Canada is about to assert herself, both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific. Hitherto no name of any steamers running to Canada has ever been included in the List of Atlantic Greyhounds. The lines running to New York from Liverpool, or Southampton, have always taken the first place, and Canada, so far as speed is concerned, has been content to stay a good deal behind. But the announcement that four steamers are building, designed to make the Atlantic passage to Canada at an average speed of twenty knots an hour, at once alters the position. If they do what has been contracted for, then the swiftest racers on the Atlantic will run to Canada from England and not to New York. That in itself will be a revolution in ocean travelling; because, ever since the beginning of ocean steaming, the fastest vessels afloat have always run to New York. Not once, at any date, has the speed of the fastest steamer running to any other port in the world equalled the best to New York. The results of New York being compelled to acknowledge itself only for the second place may be very curious. But the passenger traffic will, of course, follow the swiftest lines. A speed of twenty knots all the way across would ensure a run of under five days from Southampton or Liverpool to Halifax, with the consequence that the new Canadian road will become the favourite one, not only to Canada itself, but to the Western States of the Union. It is not an easy thing to change the stream of passenger-traffic which has been growing wider for the last fifty years, but to be able to say that they crossed the Atlantic by the fastest afloat has irresistible charms for the great majority of ocean travellers, so that New York may find that her prestige as the port of landing from Europe is in serious danger of being beyond recall. But as well as New York the steamers running to the Far East by the Suez Canal must also view the new movement made by Canada with some anxiety. For Canada has designs on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic; she aspires to be mistress of two oceans. Already a beginning has been made with steamers of moderate speed, and the success has been enough to show that, were steamers of high speed employed, even San Francisco itself may have to yield to Vancouver City. In a few months the expedition will be fairly tried, for in early spring Canada will have a line of steamers crossing the Pacific to China and Japan at an average ocean-rate of eighteen knots an hour. This means that it will be possible to reach Japan from the shores of England in little over three weeks, and thus bring it within the range of a long autumn holiday. China, too, will thus be brought within a month of England, and this in turn will require the production of faster steamers than any yet running by the Suez Canal to China, if the existing lines are to maintain their place. England will have a special interest in this new development of ocean running, for, while hitherto the Clyde and Belfast have disputed for the honour of producing the fastest ocean steamers, it is England that is to have her innings now; for the great Atlantic racers, with their pace of twenty knots an hour, are to be cradled at Barrow, and not at Belfast or the Clyde.

PAPER HORSESHOES are much liked in Germany. They are made of parchment-like paper, compressed by hydraulic power, and fastened together by a special paste. Such horse-shoes are imperious to water, and, being more elastic than the ordinary kind, improve the horse's walk.

TWO SOUTH AMERICAN PRESIDENTS

PRESIDENT PELLEGRINI, who is known in South America as El Doctor Don Carlos Pellegrini, succeeded Dr. Celman as head of the Argentine Republic. The story of the late Argentine revolution has already been told, how the troops of the garrison at Buenos Ayres were instigated to rebel, how President Celman fled to Rosario when the troops advanced towards the Palace and Town Hall: how the President afterwards took refuge on a foreign vessel, how a truce was proclaimed, how fighting continued both at Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, how Dr. Celman resigned and a Provisional Government was formed, and how, finally, after various conflicting rumours, the announcement of President Pellegrini's election was confirmed. The resignation of Dr. Celman was, according to all accounts, made the occasion of great popular rejoicings, and Dr. Pellegrini, on assuming office, was accompanied to Government House by crowds of people who cheered him with the utmost enthusiasm. Argentina is the second largest republic in South America, and since the war with Paraguay the country has made remarkable progress in material prosperity. It is estimated



DON CARLOS PELLEGRINI
President of the Argentine Republic

that English capital to the amount of 30,000,000*l.* has been embarked in various enterprises in that country, so the recent revolution naturally excited considerable interest in England, and many Englishmen were disposed to side with the revolutionists, as it was thought that they were practically making a patriotic protest against official corruption and financial immorality. Since peace has been restored and the new President has been firmly established in his post, he and his Cabinet have done nothing to forfeit their claim to the sympathy of their compatriots and the indulgence of their European friends and supporters. The opinion of Dr. Pellegrini's own countrymen, as expressed in their newspapers, seems to be that he is a peculiarly fitting representative of all the good qualities to be found in the national character, and that he possesses the faculty of pleasing, that, in fact, he has ingratiated himself with all parties, and that his efforts to re-organise the Constitution of the State have been crowned with success.

Colonel Remigio Morales Bermudez, the new President of the Peruvian Republic, belongs to the constitutional party, and was the right hand man of General Cáceres during the Chili-Peruvian war. He was born on September 30th, 1836, and is accordingly in his fifty-fifth year. He entered the army when eighteen years of age, and soon obtained distinction in the civil wars which at that time were so frequent in Peru. In 1864 he joined the revolutionary



COLONEL REMIGIO MORALES BERMUDEZ
President of the Peruvian Republic

army against the then President Pezet, on whose overthrow he was promoted to the rank of Major. In 1879, when the Chili-Peruvian war broke out, he commanded the "Lima" Battalion, 3rd of the Line. During this war he so distinguished himself that in 1881 he received promotion to a Colonelcy. General Cáceres and his Lieutenant remained under arms till 1885, when the Iglesias Administration succumbed to the joint efforts of public opinion and of the Constitutional army. General Cáceres was then elected President, and Colonel Morales Bermudez was returned Vice-President. In this capacity the subject of our illustration travelled through Peru, with the view of seeing for himself what was most required for the peace and prosperity of the country. Colonel Morales Bermudez succeeded to the Presidential chair in August, and his term of office will expire in August, 1894. If appearances are to be trusted the Republic of Peru will now enjoy a period of peace and quietness which will assuredly be all the more enjoyable after the long years of internecine quarrels which have proved so destructive both to Chili and Peru. At any rate, the new President was elected amidst popular rejoicings, and the general opinion seemed to be that under his guidance the prosperity and welfare of Peru was ensured. The new Vice-President is Señor Pedro Alex Solar, while Señor Borgono is the second Vice-President.

A BUNCH OF GRAPES is worn instead of flowers upon the dress by the American damsel who wishes to be in the height of fashion. Just now, fruit is considered more suitable than flowers, so the belle chooses deep purple grapes for her light costumes, and white ones for dark toilettes, and fixes them to the front of the bodice with a jewelled pin.



CENTRAL AFRICA is answerable for the lives of many Englishmen by the poisoned arrow of the native, by the rifle bullet, which an insane craving for trade at any price allows to be imported into the Dark Continent, or by the no less deadly fever and malaria of the forest and swamp. One of the noblest among many noble lives lost was that of Alexander Mackay, of the C.M.S. Mission, at Uganda. His story is told in "Mackay of Uganda," by his sister (Hodder and Stoughton), a book which will be read by all who are interested in the history of Central Africa, or who can be moved by a story of quiet, uncomplaining pluck and endurance which has few parallels. Alexander M. Mackay was born in Aberdeenshire, in 1849, and was the son of the Free Church minister of the parish. He was educated at Edinburgh and in Germany, and, when quite a boy, developed that remarkable talent for engineering which afterwards stood him in such good stead in Central Africa. In 1875 appeared Stanley's challenge to Christendom to send a mission to Uganda, and Mackay at once volunteered for the service. His offer was accepted by the C.M.S. in January, 1876, and in April of that year he left England for Zanzibar, one of a party of eight, of whom he was to be in three years' time the only survivor. Mackay finally started for the interior in May, 1877, and reached Uganda, on the north-west shores of Victoria Nyanza, in November, 1878, after many dangers and privations. The mission was at first well received by Mtesa, King of Uganda, but before long troubles began with the Arabs, who were always the bitter foes of the Christian missionaries, and with the native medicine men, who were furious at finding that doubts were beginning to arise in Mtesa's mind as to the reality of their power. But Moslem and heathen were not the only opponents the missionaries had to face, for in 1879 the Society of Notre Dame d'Afrique, hearing that English missionaries were in Uganda, at once sent some Roman Catholic priests to the place. The priests immediately declared their opposition to the C.M.S. missionaries, and refused to kneel down when Mackay conducted prayers in the King's presence. The consequence was that Mtesa remarked that every nation of white men had a religion of its own, and, as has happened in many other instances, Christianity, between the two stools of Protestant and Catholic, fell into contempt. All the years he was in Uganda Mackay was engineer, carpenter, printer, and general artificer to the King and the nation, and by the charm of his personal character won the friendship of many chiefs who were by no means inclined to become converts to Christianity. King Mtesa died in October, 1884. He was, for an African chief, a fairly enlightened man, as he had been visited by Speke, Livingstone, and Stanley, as well as by missionaries. He was succeeded by Mwanga, one of his younger sons, a cruel and feeble youth, under whom the condition of the Christians changed greatly for the worse. Many of the natives were tortured and burnt alive, and in October, 1885, Bishop Hannington was murdered by the tyrant's orders close to the Victoria Nyanza. In the following year a general massacre of Christians took place in Uganda, and in 1887 the Mission was driven out of many of its stations. In October, 1888, Mwanga was driven from the throne, and the European missionaries were plundered, and expelled from Uganda. But before another year was out the Christians had restored Mwanga, whose chief advisers from that time forward were Christians. Towards the end of August, 1889, Stanley and the Emin Pasha Expedition stayed with Mackay at Usamiro, leaving the Mission station on September 17th. In February, 1890, Mackay was seeing to the start of Mr. Deekes for England, when he was seized with malarial fever, and died on February 8th in his forty-first year, after spending nearly fourteen years without a break in Central Africa. He devoted his life, with an absolute disregard of self, to the civilising and Christianising of Central Africa, and lived scarcely long enough to look upon the Promised Land of his desires, the coming of the British Power to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza.

An autobiography by an American Consul-General is something of a novelty, and needs no apology from its author. "Thirty Years of My Life on Three Continents," by Edwin De Leon (Ward and Downey) is a record of the doings of a Southern gentleman who managed to do his country some service before the American Civil War broke out. Mr. De Leon, the son of a planter, was born in South Carolina, and, owing to his early bringing up, is still a defender of the old institution of slavery. He thinks that the negro was far better off as a slave than as a free man, and though most people will agree with him that the voting negro of to-day is an absurdity, yet it is impossible to accept the rose-coloured account of the conditions of slavery given in Chapter II. Mr. De Leon was educated for the law, and after practising in the South for a short time, was summoned to Washington to enforce the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty in the Press. For his services in this respect, Mr. De Leon was sent to Egypt as Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General by President Pierce, and arrived at his new post early in the "fifties." He has much that is interesting to say about the Egypt of those days, before Ismail Pasha had Hausmanised Cairo, and called the Egyptian bondholders into being. The account of the early days of Shepherd's Hotel will be read with amusement by visitors to that excellent hostelry, and the portrait of the founder of the hotel, as he was known in Cairo in the early days of Lieutenant Waghorn and Mehemet Ali, is well worth preserving. Mr. De Leon did so excellently in Egypt, that when Buchanan was made President in 1857, he was not recalled, as is usually the case, to make way for some partisan of the incoming President, but was allowed to remain on at his post. His career in Egypt was terminated by the outbreak of the American Civil War, for, on learning that South Carolina had seceded from the Union, Mr. De Leon resigned his office under the Federal Government and hurried home to share the fortunes of his relatives and friends in the Southern States. Accompanied by his young wife, he broke the blockade, and after a most adventurous voyage was set ashore near Fort Livingston, in Barrataria Bay. Shortly afterwards, Mr. De Leon was sent to Europe by the Confederacy, in the vain endeavour to enlist the active sympathies of Lord Palmerston and Napoleon III. for the Southern cause. With the failure of this mission, and the close of the war, Mr. De Leon's active career may be said to have closed. The rest of the second volume is taken up with sketches in Constantinople, and reminiscences of famous men met by the author; among them being General Gordon, Sir R. Burton, Thackeray, Laurence Oliphant, Sir F. Bruce, M. de Lesseps, and many Americans of note. But by far the most valuable part of the book is the account of Mr. De Leon's visit to the Mormon Prophet, James Smith, at Nauvoo, the original Holy City. Every one knows something about the Mormons in Utah, if it is only from the burlesques of Artemus Ward, but so little is really known of Nauvoo and the early days of the movement, that the story of Mr. De Leon's daring escapade has all the merit of an expedition into a new land.

"The Century Dictionary," Vol. III. (T. Fisher Unwin), comprises the letters from G to L. The quotations are admirably full, and the text is clearly printed, and illustrated when necessary. Altogether a very comprehensive and well-arranged dictionary.

ALFRED DUET.—Two songs which are somewhat above the ordinary average of merit are "Ever Faithful, Ever True," words by E. Baumer-Williams, music by F. Borcovitz, published in three keys; and "Love Shall Last," written and composed by Mary Hullah and G. L. Stutfield. "A Lake and a Fairy Boat" is a bright little duet for two sopranos which will please in the home circle.

C. JEFFERYS.—A pretty song of the domesticated type is "Fairest of All," words by Helen M. Burnside, music by W. Travers Roope.

*ALMACK'S IN THE DAYS OF ITS FASHION,
FORTUNE, AND FAME*

THE name of Almack's summons up a vision unequalled for brilliancy and life, the charms of which were in no slight degree enhanced by the high-breeding and exclusiveness of its frequenters, the flower of the youthful aristocracy. Admissions to this charmed circle were the subjects of endless intrigues, for the privilege of penetrating within the once fabled portals was jealously guarded by a council of six lady patronesses—*imperium in imperio*, and an *entree* to the Assemblies was in itself a passport to the highest Society of the metropolis. For three-quarters of a century Almack's held its own in unrivalled supremacy, as the touchstone of aristocratic and exclusive fashion. Its foundation was due to a desire on the part of the dashing ladies who "led Society" to emulate the doings of their lords at White's and Boedle's Clubs, and the belles, no less than the beaux, found an efficient coadjutor, caterer, and chamberlain in the person of an enterprising Scotchman, one Almack, whose name has thus become known to fame, and who, by ministering to the tastes for profusion, extravagance, to say nothing of gambling proclivities, which were all prevalent in his day, astutely found his worldly advantage. In 1764, "Almack's Club," the original Brooks's, was established in Pall Mall; the premises stood on the site now occupied by the British Institution, and while the "Maccaronis," the "curled darlings" of the day, were gaily ruining their fortunes within this luxurious symposium under "peerage" auspices, Almack was causing to be erected, by Robert Mylne, the handsome suite of Assembly Rooms, the focus of attraction to King Street, St. James's, which, after fortunes the most dazzling, now seems doomed to perish neglected for lack of popularity.

Almack opened his elegant rooms with a ball, February 20th, 1765, though the walls and ceilings were still damp; the Duke of Cumberland, the Hero of Culloden, inaugurated the festivity.

The Ladies' Club, "all goddesses," according to Walpole, transferred their patronage to the new establishment, bringing fortune in their train. There was a ten-guinea subscription, for which was provided a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks. Gilly Williams wrote to George Selwyn:—

"You may imagine by the sum the company is chosen. Our female Almack's flourishes beyond description. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady, in a sack, making tea, and curtsying to the Duchesses."

Walpole prophesied that "the new club of *both sexes*" would "make a considerable noise," and Mrs. Boscawen informed Mrs. Delany, concerning this "Institution of lords and ladies, who first met at a tavern, and subsequently, to satisfy Lady Pembroke's scruples, migrated to Almack's,"—"The ladies nominate and choose the gentlemen, and *vice versa*, so that no lady can exclude lady, or gentleman a gentleman." Blackballing attested its exclusive character, the Ladies Rochford, Harrington, and Holderness were so treated, as was the Duchess of Bedford, who was subsequently admitted. The ladies retorted by black-balling Lord March and Brook Boothby. In 1773 it was written, concerning the iniquities of *bon ton* :—

No censure reaches them at Almack's ball ;
Virtue, religion—they're above them all.

The opening of the eighteenth century found Almack's the quintessence of aristocracy, while Willis held the post of Chamberlain, and the coterie more jealously guarded its exclusive character; of the three hundred officers of the Foot-Guards, then, as now, famous for their "select" set, not more than half-a-dozen were honoured with vouchers of admission to this temple of the *beaux monde*; the gates were guarded by autocratic arbiters "whose smiles or frowns consigned men and women to happiness or despair."

"At the present time," wrote Gronow, "one can hardly conceive the importance which was attached to gaining admission to Almack's, the seventh heaven of the fashionable world." The lady patronesses in 1814 were the Ladies Castlereagh, Jersey, Cowper, Sefton, Willoughby, Countess Lieven, and Princess Esterhazy. The government of Almack's was a pure despotism. On the same authority, "the fair ladies, who ruled supreme over this little dancing and gossiping world, issued a solemn proclamation that no gentleman should appear at the assemblies without being dressed in knee-breeches." A white cravat and a *chapeau bras* were de rigueur. "On one occasion the Duke of Wellington was about to ascend the staircase of the ball-room, dressed in black trousers, when the vigilant Mr. Willis, the guardian of the establishment, stepped forward and said, 'Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers,' whereon the Duke, who had a great respect for orders and regulations, quietly walked away." On another occasion the "great captain who was never beaten in the field," was again repulsed by Willis the invincible. According to Lady Clementina Davies, the rule at Almack's, very properly in the days of six-bottle heroes, was that no visitor was admitted after half-past eleven o'clock at night; the Duke presenting himself a few minutes after this hour was refused admission.

The dances were Scotch reels and country dances. Lady Jersey subsequently introduced the quadrille from Paris, and about 1813 the German waltz struggled to turn the heads of the patronesses; the mazy waltz was at first coldly regarded, but after the Emperor Alexander, wearing his tight-fitting uniform and numerous gorgeous decorations, had at Almack's exhibited his skill in twirling round the Princess Lieven, the opponents of waltzing surrendered at discretion.

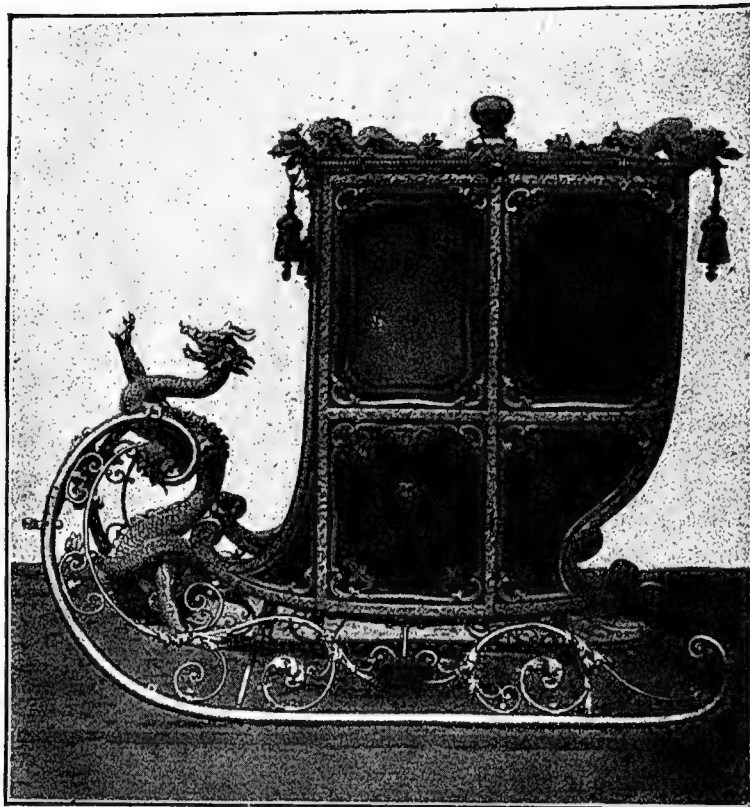
Besides the *jeunesse dorée* came those who were the pets of society. Tom Moore, who revelled in "gilded throngs," seems, from his diaries, to have been a regular frequenter of Almack's, though he was not always able to secure tickets; he has set down some of the doings he witnessed at the assemblies, where, in May, 1819, he records staying until three o'clock in the morning, Lord Morpeth, to the delight of the poet, observing, "You and I live at Almack's." This was among the sweetmeats which there flattered the bard's palate; inquiring of Mdle. d'Este what she thought of Lady Charlemont, "Oh! beautiful as Lalla Rookh herself!" was the gratifying response. After some experience of Almack's, Moore became rather patronising—thus, April 1822, "a pretty show of women, though not quite what it used to be." However, he too nearly risked exclusion "for lateness;" on another occasion the favoured bard found Almack's "full of beauty," the "finest

ladies" striving to secure him for their parties; Lady Jersey and Lady Tankerville sending various messengers after Moore through the rooms, whence, after saying agreeable things to the Barings and Cannings, he walked off arm-in-arm with Lord John Russell. The author found Almack's an Elysium, "everybody there, and all overflowing to me with praise of Captain Rock." "Blue Chamber," as was the ball-room, the doings there in Moore's time verged on the order of *bals costumes*; thus he witnessed, in 1826, "the Quadrille of Paysannes Provençales," "danced by some pretty girls," and later assisted at a "Quadrille of the Months," on which occasion his eagerness to avoid being excluded prompted him to arrive before "the Seasons," "got into their wake as they passed up the room, and saw them dance their quadrille without any gentleman. Rather disappointed in the effect, their headdresses (gold baskets, full of fruit, flowers, &c.) too heavy." The importance held by Almack's in those days over the lives of the daughters of the upper circles is amusingly illustrated by Moore:—"The girls, dating their ages and standing by their seasons at Almack's, Miss Macdonald considered herself an old woman from this being her second year, Miss Fitzclarence's first." "The prettiest person among new faces," at Almack's in 1827, we learn from the same source, was Lady Alice Peel. The fashionable notoriety attained by the assemblies had, at the date in question, reached its meridian; "*Almack's*," a novel, had professedly enlightened the public in 1827, and the *Literary Gazette* had further revealed the identity of the leaders of fashion, whose doings were therein freely sketched, in "*A Key to Almack's*," attributed to young Disraeli, then an aspirant for literary and social celebrity. The muster-roll of the frequenters of Almack's includes the names of every one of fashion and distinction; we are most concerned at present with the celebrities who thronged the rooms in the palmy days depicted in Mr. Charles Green's realistic drawing of Almack's at what must be considered its apogee, about the period alluded to in "*Almack's Revisited*," another novel on the same theme. The spirit of the time, so characteristically re-embodied by the artist, is otherwise utterly lost. Almack's declined beyond revival; in 1840, the decadence was marked and rapid, and all efforts—including an attempt made as recently as 1882—to restore its ancient glories under the wing of an exclusive coterie, were evidently unavailing; the history of Almack's is a mere tradition, and the fabric itself, the theatre of all that was once gayest and brightest, seems fated, like the "lights of other days," to be ingloriously extinguished.

JOSEPH GRECO

AN IMPERIAL CHINESE SLEIGH

THIS gala sleigh, recently built in Germany for the Imperial Court in China, is of the finest workmanship, richly gilded and



SEDAN CHAIR SLEIGH

ornamented with paintings and figures. The body of the sledge is decorated with Chinese carvings, and in the centre of the roof there is a golden ball as a symbol of the Emperor. At the corners there are four Chinese dragons. The interior contains a toilette case, a watch, looking-glass, and perfume-bottles. The sledge was built by Mr. Kühnstein, in Charlottenburg, near Berlin.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent us by L. Kohn, 1, Wallnerstrasse, No. 2, Vienna.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BRITISH ART and artists are well represented in a fresh pile of gift-books. Year by year the Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* depicts some prominent example of our national artistic talent, and this season "The Life and Works of Birket Foster" (*Virtue*), deals with one of our most faithful delineators of English rural life and scenery. Mr. Foster's works lend themselves easily to reproduction in this form, so that the illustrations are especially good, while Mr. Marcus Huish's sympathetic biography brings the man as well as the painter vividly before the reader. From such rustic charms Mr. Lewis Morris diverts us to a heroic theme in his poetic version of an old Eastern love-tale, "Odatis" (Hildesheimer and Faulkner). He tells in simple flowing verse how a Median Prince and a Caucasian Princess fell in love in their dreams. With Miss Alice Havers and Mr. G. P. Jacobb Hood to sketch respectively the fair maid and the gallant warrior, the volume becomes doubly attractive. The late Miss Havers's pencil re-appears in several of Messrs. Hildesheimer's pretty books of poems and pictures, such as "Some Old Love Songs" and "A Book of Old Ballads"—familiar ditties, from various authors and ages, adorned with graceful figures and floral designs. Next Mr. E. Wilson furnishes appropriate rustic scenes to the poems describing Nature in her autumnal glory, gathered together as "The Harvest Fields." This trio are charmingly designed and printed in soft artistic tints, like the "London Sketches," drawn by Percy Robertson, and the "Songs in the Snowdrifts," wherein Miss Alice West presents more of the bonnie little birdies which she draws so well. The booklets for

children are equally good, whether they relate the tragic loves of a negro couple, "Jeremi," illustrated by H. T. Aveline, or funny experiences in the animal world, "This Little Pig," comically sketched by W. Weekes; "Lady Pussy Cat's Ball," due to A. M. Lockyer; and "Dame Pussy's School," by H. H. Coldery, Mr. Weatherly being responsible for the merry verses in each case. There is some good work, too, in Mr. W. Magrath's illustrations of Samuel Lover's old song, "The Low-Back'd Car" (Hutchinson), well reproduced in photogravure, the artist depicting a very fascinating Peggy.—Speaking of the sister isle, lovers of Ireland will appreciate the short sketches of Paddy at home, "Irish Diamonds" (Gibbins). A handsome illustrated edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (Raphael Tuck) will be welcomed as a very charming present. Italians themselves, the artists engaged on the work—Messrs. Marchetti, Rossi, and Cortazzo—well preserve the national tone of the story, and represent many a picturesque bit of old Verona amongst the various portraits of Shakespeare's famous characters. Both the coloured and monotone illustrations are printed in refined and artistic style.—Passing from Tragedy to Comedy, here are other reminiscences of British dramatic poetry, famous, too, in their particular degree, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's aptly-named "Songs of a Savoyard" (Routledge). All who have enjoyed the long and happy series of Gilbert and Sullivan collaborations at the Savoy will gladly refresh their memories of the blithe and sentimental ditties scattered throughout the operas, especially when Mr. Gilbert embellishes his songs with quaint and humorous cuts of the type familiar to lovers of the "Bab Ballads." The "pale young curate" who was once Mr. Gilbert's subject is also taken by Mr. W. J. Hodgson for the hero of some comic verse and pencil sketches in "The Mystery of a Rat-tailed Grey" (Griffith, Farran). How the meek cleric of sedate mien in his own parish becomes a rollicking Nimrod outside the bounds, the artist tells with much good-tempered fun.—Still to linger among the poets, a capital collection of poems adapted to feminine tastes is edited by E. Davenport as "The Girl's Own Poetry Book" (Griffith, Farran), the contents being thoroughly suitable for their object, and well chosen from a wide range of authors. The stirring school and college songs, in particular, mark the contrast between the modern girlish poetry-lover and the romantic damsel of bygone days, fed upon ultra sentimental verse.—Next Art joins poetry in a tasteful birthday book, "Fortune's Mirror Set with Gems" (Warne), wherein M. Halford contributes mediocre verse and K. Craufurd depicts the allegorical figures symbolising the special jewel of each month. Plentiful illustrations, too, adorn the well-known children's hymns collected as "Hearts and Voices" (Griffith, Farran); but though the book is prettily got up, the drawings are rather smudgy. Still they are of a much superior class of Art to the old-fashioned drawings accompanying "Pictures Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer" (Nisbet), which are

are distinctly unworthy of the plain, simple teaching Mrs. Marshall conveys in the stories expounding each clause of the Prayer.—Another pictorial volume for Sunday afternoons explains "The Church Catechism" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). The notes by "E. M." are best adapted to elder children, and would be especially useful as hints for Sunday-school teachers.

The flood of sensational stories for boys pours forth unabated. Most originality appears in "The Adventures of Alfian" (Roper and Drowley), by the late J. H. Burrows, for the romantic career of the Egyptian hero, protected by his magic amulet, is decidedly out of the ordinary, and very exciting.—If the boyish reader is interested in one of the great topics of the day, let Archdeacon Chiswell teach him the miseries of the black ivory traffic in "The Slave Prince" (Griffith, Farran), or he may rove to India with Mr. David Ker to seek "The Rajah's Legacy" (Griffith, Farran), and find fabulous treasures in a secluded jungle.—Or, again, if he prefers the more practical life of the prairies of the Far West, he can follow the daring settlers who competed for the favour of "The Queen of the Ranche" (same publishers); by E. and J. L. Hornibrook.—Every young Briton ought to love the life on the ocean wave, so here are sea-stories galore. Mr. G. Manville Fenn has a rousing tale to tell of smuggling on the Dorset coast, "Cutlass and Cudgel" (Griffith, Farran), and the pluck of a juvenile midddy; Mr. H. Frith goes to the Queen's Navée for "The Log of the *Bombastes*" (Griffith, Farran), teeming with piracy, wrecks, and other spicy flavouring; and Mr. Clark Russell describes every-day life in the merchant marine in "Master Rockafellar's Voyage" (Methuen). With such a finished word-painter of the sea as Mr. Russell, his favourite theme is safe to prove interesting to the lads.—Now Dr. Macaulay always tries to make truth equally attractive with fiction, so he summarises Anson's voyages in "From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet" (Hutchinson), a stirring picture of old England's naval glories.—Two Americans also spin sea yarns, for Mr. E. A. Rand takes his hero "Up North in a Whaler" (Hutchinson) to meet bears, seals, Eskimos, and ice-floes; while Mr. Frank R. Stockton relates the truly comic voyage of "The Schooner *Merry Chanter*" (Sampson Low) which was certainly sailed by the queerest crew imaginable. Mr. Stockton is in his brightest vein of humour in this laughable volume.—Another foreign writer, M. Hector Malot, has the happy knack of describing boys, witness his "Roland Kalbris" (Hutchinson), with its interesting adventures of the Breton fisher-lad.—Leaving the sea at last, there is plenty of action on land in Miss Drury's "In the Enemy's Country" (Griffith, Farran), a well-worked-out story of the Napoleonic wars and the efforts of a German town to shake off the heavy hand of the French conquerors.—The last quartett in this group are reprints—more sensational short tales by Captain Mayne Reid and others, "Stories of Strange Adventure" (Sampson Low), a cheap version of Mr. Henty's "Curse of Carne's Hold" (Spencer Blackett), so unlike his usual sober historic tales; the late Richard Jeffries's "Bevis, the Tale of a Boy" (S. Low); and yet another edition of that prim old friend "The Swiss Family Robinson" (Routledge) amply illustrated.

As befits the gentler sex, the girls' books are pitched in a more peaceful key, love and duty, instead of glory, being the dominant notes. There is just a touch of sameness about them, however, for the good, simple little maids always win wealth and devoted husbands, while the tall, haughty damsels come off second-best. So it was with the independent Hope who possessed a "Heart of Gold" (Warne), while Mrs. L. T. Meade rewards selfish Jocelyn with her due deserts, and so too with Miss Kerr's "Rollica Reed" (Griffith, Farran), who meets with an unnatural pair of cousins modelled on Cinderella's ugly sisters.—The heroine of "Poor and Plain," by the author of "Dethroned" (Griffith, Farran), just loses the stereotyped happy termination by her lover being killed in a railway accident—rather a cruel return for a life spent in unselfish deeds—but both deserving heroines are rewarded in "True of Heart," by Kay Spen (Griffith, Farran)—a wholesome tale of a governess's good influence, like "The Strange House," by Catherine Shaw (Shaw), where a nice young governess wins her troublesome pupils' hearts, and discovers a family mystery.—Mrs. L. T. Meade draws such a bewitching girl in "Just a Love Story" (Spencer Blackett), that her readers will long to emulate Patty in being the light of the home, while Miss Doudney makes an ignorant country lassie blossom out into a brilliant and estimable woman in "The Love-

A PRIVATE TRAINING-SHIP

VISITORS to Ryde during the last few summers have doubtless remarked a smart, yacht-like craft, ship-rigged, and, perhaps, a little over-masted, which, with attendant, satellites of launches, sailing-boats, and skiffs, lay off Binstead House, a mile or so to the westward of the pier, and just beyond the quarantine ships *Menelaus* and *Edgar*. This was the *Mercury*, a training-ship for boys for the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine, supported and managed by Mr. C. A. R. Hoare. There are not many of our millionaires who would care to bear the expense of such a luxury as a private training-ship within eyeshot of their drawing-room windows, and none, perhaps, except the owner of the *Mercury*, would devote the time and personal attention necessary to carry a generous idea to a successful result. Charitable donors are willing enough to write their cheques for hundreds or thousands for a deserving institution, but they do not, as a rule, sacrifice their leisure to the realisation of their aims. They give money, and leave others to see to the proper application of it. That is a practice which may answer well enough as a general rule, but it would assuredly prove to be defective in the development of such an institution as the *Mercury*, and consequently Mr. Hoare resolved to be First Lord, Financial Secretary, and Skipper combined, and to manage the whole affair himself. He experimented first of all with his yacht, in which he undertook the training of a few boys in elementary seamanship, and familiarised them with the discipline and routine of life on board ship. The success of this initial experiment encouraged him to ship out his plan on a larger scale. Accordingly the *Novno*, a clipper engaged in the South African trade, was purchased, and partially reconstructed to adapt her to her present duties. As the *Novno* she was intended to be the means of making money; as the *Mercury* she is the medium for the expenditure of it upon an exceedingly useful purpose. She now has a spacious 'tween-decks, with ample accommodation for a hundred and twenty boys and a full complement of instructors, officers' cabins, stowage for stores for a lengthy cruise, and her rig has been altered to fit her for purposes of instruction. Except the old ship's bell of the *Novno* there is nothing to remind the visitor of her former occupation.

The boys received on-board the *Mercury* must be from thirteen to fifteen years of age, of good physique, sound health, and unblemished character. It is an indispensable qualification that they should be the children of parents too poor to give them a start in life, the fundamental idea of the institution being to 'catch likely lads at the age when, for the want something better to do, they may be enticed into evil courses. The *Mercury* is no home for waifs and strays who have graduated in criminality and vagabondism. On board, there is practically very little power to punish, and a few corrupt lads would give a fatal leaven of wickedness and insubordination signally antagonistic to the high *morale* which now prevails, and is maintained only by the most careful discretion in the selection of applicants for admission. Mr. Hoare declines to receive "street Arabs" or bad characters from the police-courts; although it may sometimes happen that a metropolitan magistrate may recommend a lad who is not unfit to join the ship. But this circumstance is exceptional, and certificates of character are required from clergymen and other responsible persons; and the boys thus recommended are sent into quarantine at Earlsfield for a fortnight before they are approved.

On board the *Mercury* there is no "playing at sailors." The boys are not allowed to be idle, and they readily submit to the moderate discipline that is enforced. As soon as a lad arrives from Earlsfield he has his "rating," and joins his division. If he is energetic and earnest, he may easily become a petty officer, but for this reward cleanliness, being next to godliness, is essential, and if a petty officer is found guilty of dirty or untidy habits he is disgraced at once. The post of petty officer carries with it a small weekly stipend; and the big prizes are the appointments as captains of divisions, to whom a really substantial payment is made. Deserting is very rare. The well-judged system of rewards and punishments has created an excellent *esprit de corps* amongst the boys, so that public opinion amongst them operates to correct tendencies to faults which might otherwise be brought to the notice of the quartermaster. They like their work so thoroughly as to find recreation in repeating the more interesting part of the evolutions taught them in their hours of instruction. Life on board ship in the bight of Binstead and in full view of Portsmouth and of the ships of all kinds, from tiny yachts to big ironclads, which are continually passing up and down, with an almost unlimited command of rowing-boats and free exercise in rowing and swimming, go far to constitute a boy's paradise. For most lads who have the true English flavour of salt-water in their imagination, such a life is a dream of happiness. But it is not all child's play; there is work to be done. Our artist has ably depicted incidents of life on board the *Mercury*. In the summer the boys rise at ten minutes to five, and in twenty-five minutes they must lash up and stow their hammocks. Then comes a bout of scrubbing and clearing up, and at half-past six they have breakfast. After breakfast more "holystoning" fills up the time till nine, when prayers are read by the chief officer. Then is held the most searching inspection of the day. The boys are ranged up in line, and it is the fault of the Inspector if any little delinquency is undetected. Next begins the morning routine of instruction. The lads are usually exercised aloft; for instance, on Mondays, the order is "Cross Royal Yards" for the morning, "Down Royal Yards" for the evening, and so on through the week. Dinner is at noon; at half-past one instruction is resumed, and continued till half-past four. The lads are taught the points of the compass, the theory of steering, the mysteries of "by the mark ten," and other elements of nautical lore, till half-past four. Supper, half-past five; then a general clearing up and relaxation until eight o'clock; "out lights" at half-past eight, and "pipe down" at half-past nine, which means that the boys have leisure from about six till half-past nine. Such is the programme of an ordinary day. It is varied twice or thrice a week by manual and platoon-drill on the terrace at Binstead House, under the direction of the energetic sergeant, whom our artist has somewhat humorously depicted.

Other sketches show the various industrial employments exercised

on land by Mr. Hoare to meet the requirements of the ship, the laundry, and drying-grounds; the tailors' shop; the bootmakers' shop, and so forth. On Sundays, of course, there is no work. The boys go to church at Ryde in the morning; in the afternoon they have leave on shore. The utility of Mr. Hoare's institution is best judged, of course, by results. His boys are readily passed into the Royal Navy, and are in much request amongst yachtsmen, on account of their excellent training and good discipline. The *Mercury's* boat, moreover, beat the boats from the *St. Vincent* and the *Exmouth* at Ryde and Cowes one year, despite the advantage of age and weight possessed by their competitors. Who is willing to emulate the good work done by the owner of the *Mercury* in such an undertaking as this? Such an enterprise demands judgment, self-sacrifice, and capacity for management. It rarely happens that all these necessary qualities are present in sufficiently wealthy men.

E. N. A.

THE LATE LADY ROSEBERY

HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD, Countess of Rosebery, was the only child of the late Baron Meyer Amschel de Rothschild, who, from 1859 to 1874, when he died, was Liberal member for Hythe. He was the best known of the three sons of Baron Nathan Meyer, since he was not only great in the City and in the world of Art, but a very popular owner of racehorses. Hannah, who was born on July 27th, 1851, lost her mother, who was a Cohen, when she was little more than a child, and from that time she was her father's constant companion. When he died he left the whole of his enormous fortune to her, amounting to two millions sterling, and including his great house at Mentmore. In 1878 she was married to Lord Rosebery. The marriage was a brilliant event. As the bride was a Jewess, a civil contract before the Registrar preceded the religious service in Christ Church, Mayfair. The bride was given away by Lord Beaconsfield, and the Prince of Wales was present. There is little to record of Lady Rosebery's happy married life. She had four children, the Ladies Sybil and Margaret; Archibald (Lord Dalmeny), and Neil. In her home she was known as an admirable mistress of a household, and her goodness to her poor neighbours at Mentmore was proverbial. She also zealously performed those other duties which appertain to great place, and to the wife of a prominent public man. She super-



LADY ROSEBERY

LORD DALMENY

LORD ROSEBERY

intended, for example, the fund for the relief of the sick and wounded in the Egyptian War; she was President for Scotland of the Jubilee Nurses' Institute; she was an active organiser of the Scottish Home Industries Association; and she was a munificent supporter of the Jewish charities in London.

The progress of Lady Rosebery's illness was anxiously watched, not only by her friends, but also by the public at large, of whom it may also be fairly said that they too were her friends. The malady (typhoid fever), by which she was prostrated while at Dalmeny, first assumed a serious aspect about October 18th. Twice she seemed to be sinking, and each time rallied. As recently as November 17th her general condition was reported to be satisfactory, but on that night she was taken dangerously ill, and at 6 A.M. on the 19th inst. she died. The funeral took place on Tuesday in Willesden Cemetery, in accordance with Jewish rites.—The family group which we engrave is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.



THE SEASON.—The mildness of November has been remarkable. Open windows have been the order of the day, and with the lovers of fresh air, of the night too. Cold baths have had the epicurean's eulogy instead of that of the stoic. Man, profiting by the season and the hour, has enjoyed himself, but it is doubtful if Nature has been equally lucky. The budding shrubs and saplings cannot put back their tiny green leaflets; there is no retrogression for the undeniably early bulbs. With the hardy wheat-plant it is a little different. When too luxuriant in early growth, wheat will stand being fed off to sheep, and come up again later, short, but often of added power and strength. So if December frosts come to cut down the present forward October sowings, no great fear need be felt of the result. Stock continues to do well, and to fatten on less food than is required in a colder season. It has been a healthy

autumn, and a genial; may we have the same tale to tell of the winter!

CATTLE SHOWS are approaching—have, indeed, already begun. The great society, which names itself of a place where its exhibitions are never held, goes on year by year from triumph to triumph; yet there was a time, of course, when we did without "Smithfield" Cattle Shows, and there was further a time when it was doubtful if "Smithfield" would be continued, as when the apotheosis of fat had been accomplished, there arose those who denied that fat stock breeders had anything left to learn. Happily for agriculture, the rivalry of the breeds came in, and the shows had a new lease, until with the new doctrine of early maturity, an entirely fresh point of interest was evoked. To-day it is difficult to fix, or even suggest, a point at which fat stock shows will be superfluous. There is the competition of fatteners, behind the present competition in the matter of time. And behind the contest of the food-experts looms the contest with the economists, who demand whether it pays the farmers specially to fatten stock at all.

BIRMINGHAM AND SMITHFIELD.—The Midland Counties Exhibition opens to-day (Nov. 29th), and lasts till Wednesday next. It seems a waste of a day to have the cattle stalled over a Sunday, but we suppose the constituents of Mr. Chamberlain know best. The entries of swine at the Birmingham Show are extremely good, beating the metropolitan record. Of cattle they are satisfactory, but of sheep very weak. The Smithfield Show, which opens on December 8th, and lasts five days, shows increased entries on last year in every section. The increase is more remarkable in sheep and pigs than in cattle. Actual entries are:—London—cattle, 284; sheep, 224; pigs, 89. Birmingham—cattle, 217; sheep, 68; pigs, 103. The greatest cattle year ever known was 1888, when the London entries surpassed all previous records, and have not themselves been equalled since.

THE NORWICH SHOW was held in damp and mild weather, and the hall in which it took place neither smelt nor looked, clean. The lofty roof enabled the vitiated air to ascend, otherwise the place would have been almost unbearable, and the attendance much reduced. It was not very large, even as it was. A drawback to the interest of the exhibition was the repetition in several cases of last season's entries. As the animals in question had nearly all gone off rather than come on, the "encore performance" was quite without excuse. The Red Polls, the Norfolk farmers' pet breed, were weaker than the other cattle classes, and although the cattle generally reached a very fair average, the most remarkable feature in the display was the improvement in pigs; these were probably the best display yet seen at Norwich. Special praise must be allotted to the South Down sheep, but the Cross Breeds and the Hampshire Downs were less satisfactory.

OTHER SHOWS.—The Abingdon Show, held last week, was very creditable for one of the minor exhibitions. The fat oxen, indeed, were quite unusually fine, and a Hereford bullock, exhibited by Lord Wantage, was fit for the keenest competitions. The Cruickshank Bull Show at York is made the subject of some useful observations in the *Live Stock Journal*, which states that the demand for really good bulls, especially Shorthorns, has been sustained even beyond the ordinary season, so that those possessing strong characteristics of thick-fleshed vigorous male animals are still keenly appreciated and make good prices. "If breeders were to exercise a little more discretion and resolution in the rearing of their bull-calves, they would not only economise their expenses, but also advance the breed by showing a better class of sires, and producing high-class steers, which would yield in the long run as much as inferior bulls, and at less cost in rearing."

BUTTER TESTS.—A number of Show-judges have agreed to give one point for every ounce or fraction of an ounce of butter only; but in the case of equality, to give two points to every gallon of new milk; it being unsatisfactory to

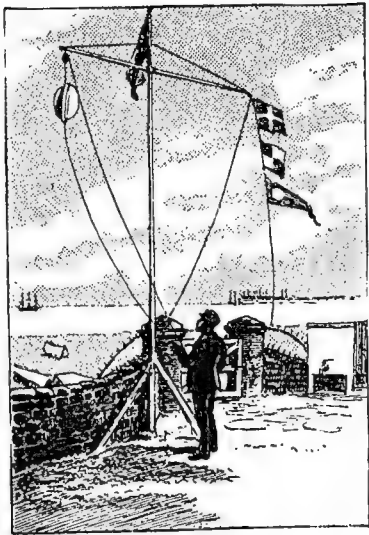
award points to skimmed milk.

JERSEYS.—The "Royal" has not seen its way to grant the request of the "Jersey" Society, anent the division of Jersey cattle into two classes, those reared in Jersey and those born and bred in England, but of pure Jersey stock. The Jersey Society is, we are glad to say, in a highly flourishing condition. At its last meeting, Lady Hope, Lord Henry Hope, Sir William Pearce, Baron de Worms, M.P., and Mr. Frank Callender, of Henley, were elected members.

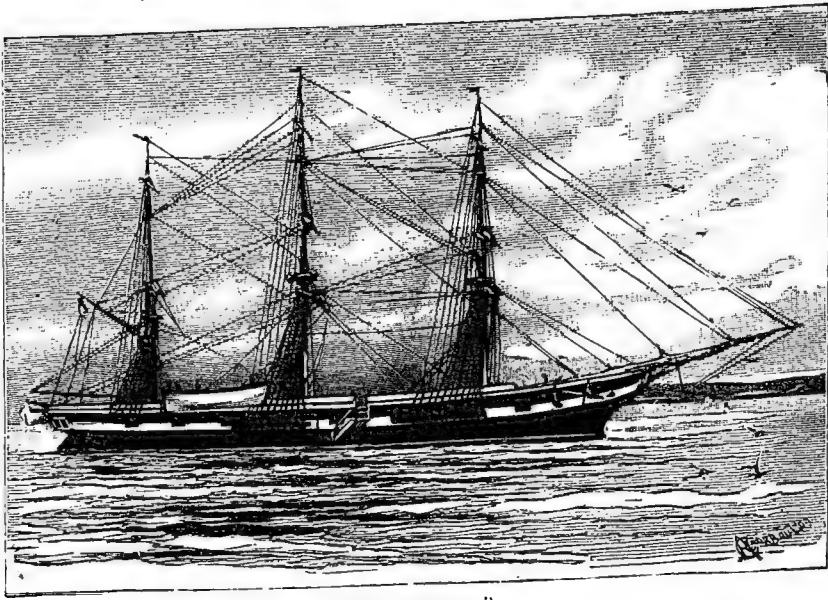
THE NEW FOREST.—Steps are being taken to form a New Forest Pony Association, and to hold a yearly Pony Show in one of the Hampshire towns. Some of the verifiers of the Forest hope for a small subvention from the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, but we trust that the well-to-do gentry and farmers of Hampshire will not wait for a subsidy before they stir themselves. At the same time, the case is one wherein precedent is in favour of the subvention being granted, seeing that from time immemorial there has been a Royal Stud in the New Forest, and in the thirteenth century the profits from the sales and drafts of this stud were so large as to defray the expense of building Beaulieu Abbey.

THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have their next meeting on December 10th, at 11.30 A.M., when the agenda paper includes the election of eight members of the Council, and the decision of the best means of checking the sale of adulterated feeding-stuffs and manures. If time remain, "the effect of copyhold tenure on the development of landed property" will be gone into; but, as this is a subject which has been debated off and on for some five hundred years, we do not expect the Central Chamber to settle it at the sag end of their Cattle Show meeting.

THE SPORTING EXHIBITION AT LYNN, NORFOLK, opened on Monday by the Prince and Princess of Wales, is one of the finest collections of the kind ever gathered together in the English provinces. The profits will be devoted towards establishing a covert-fund for the West Norfolk Foxhounds, and the Prince has taken great interest in the scheme, contributing valuable loans. The Art section is exceptionally good, while all kinds of sporting trophies, plate, armour, china, tapestry, &c., connected with the chase are included in the display.



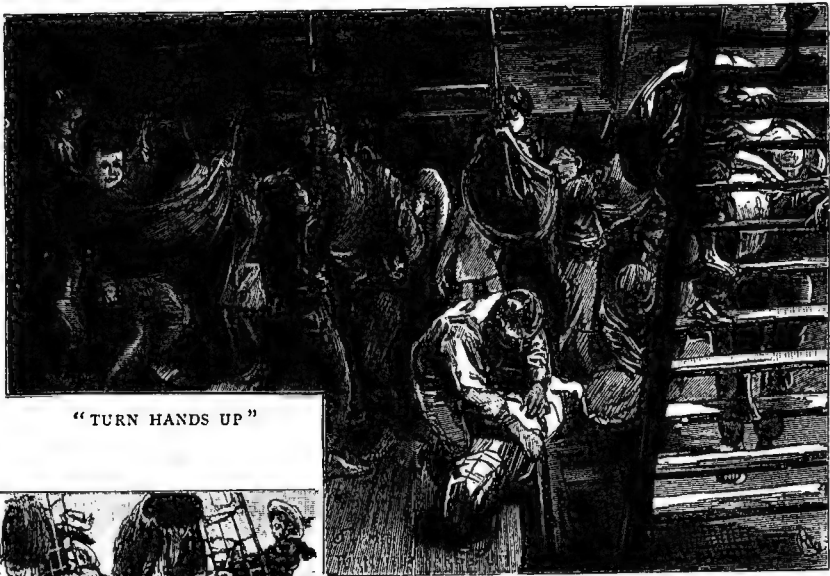
SIGNALLING—"SEND A BOAT"



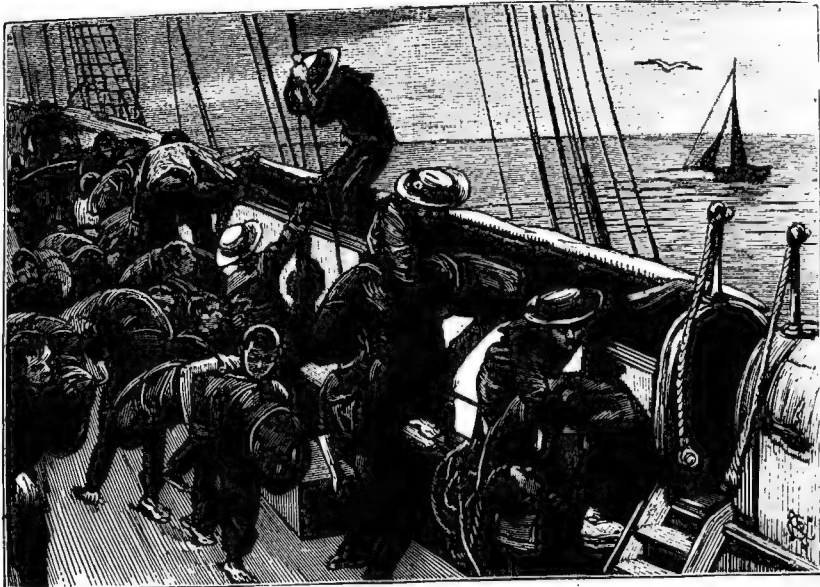
"THE MERCURY"



REPAIRING DONE ON THE PREMISES



"TURN HANDS UP"



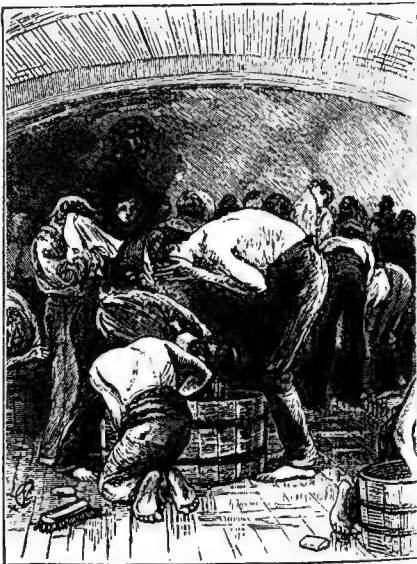
"STOW HAMMOCKS"



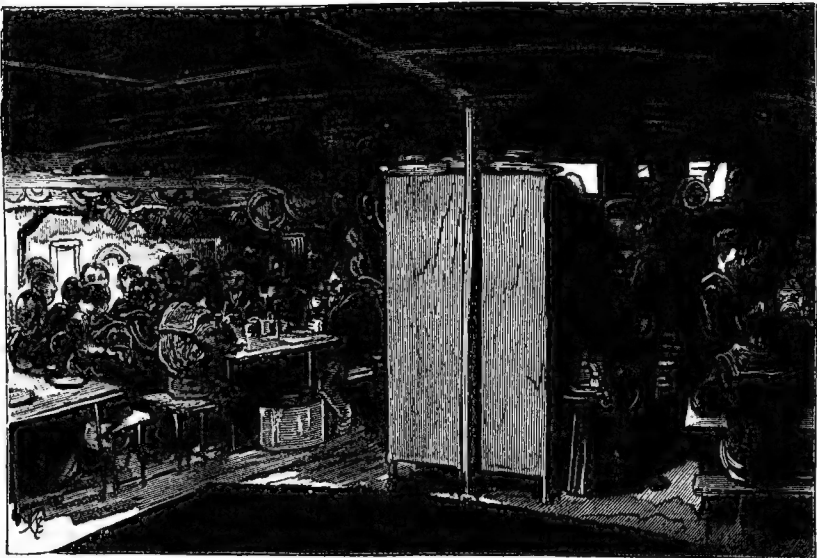
"AIR HAMMOCKS"



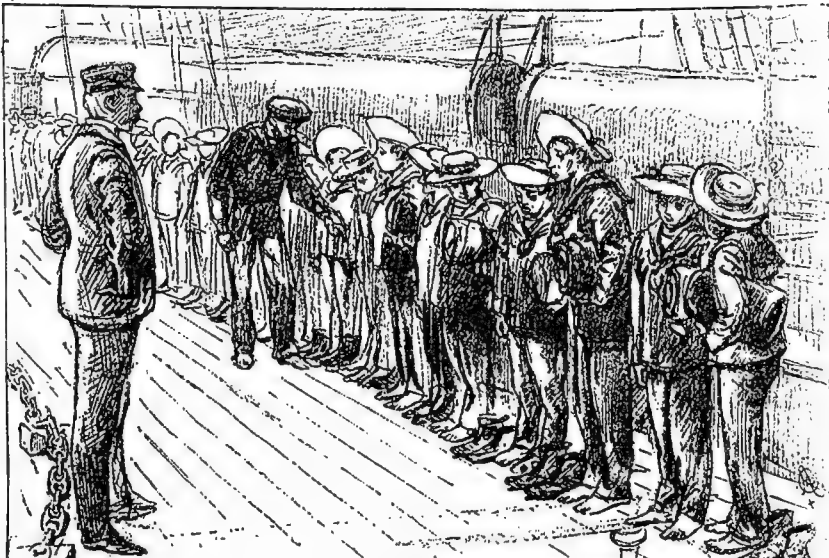
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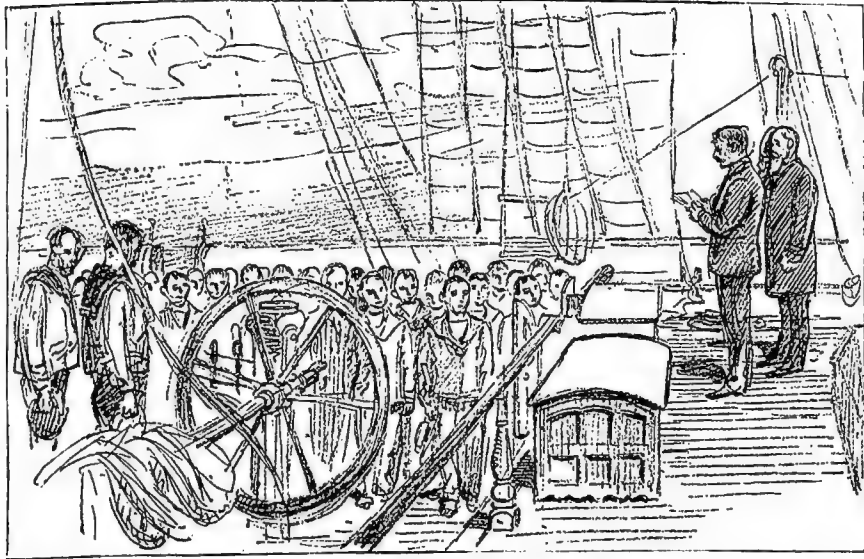
"BOYS TO WASH"



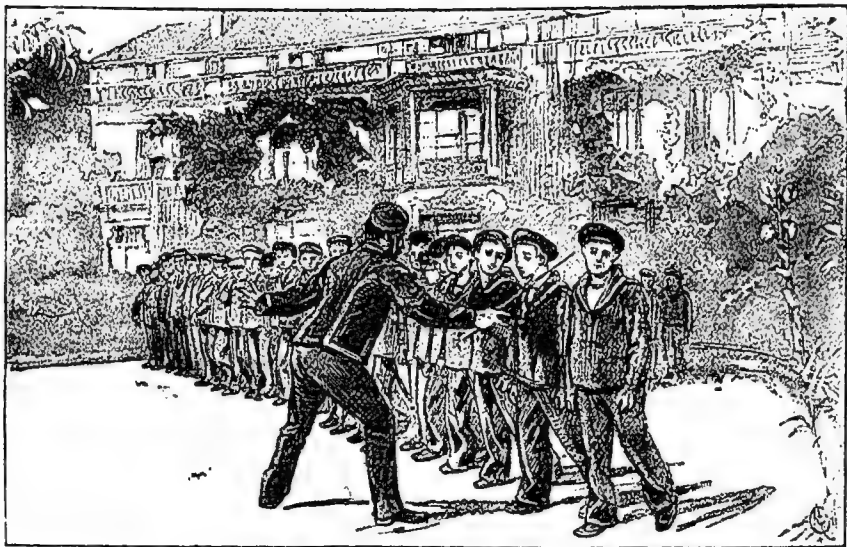
BREAKFAST



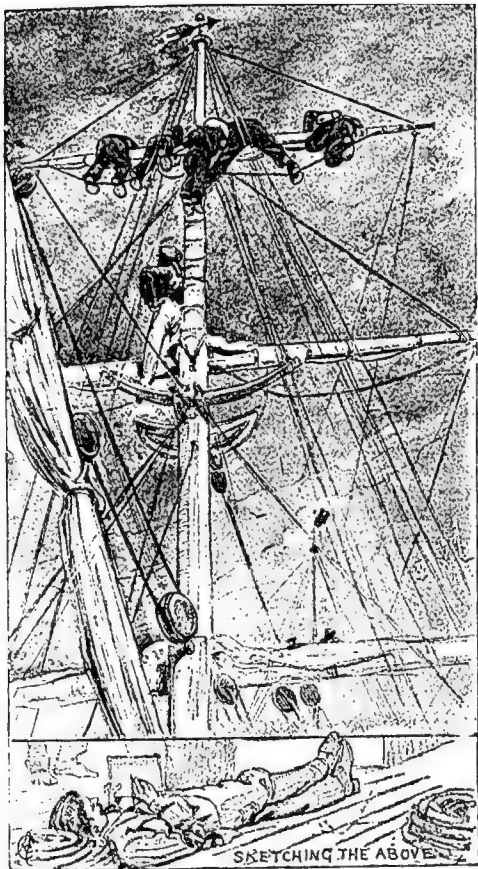
INSPECTION



PRAYERS



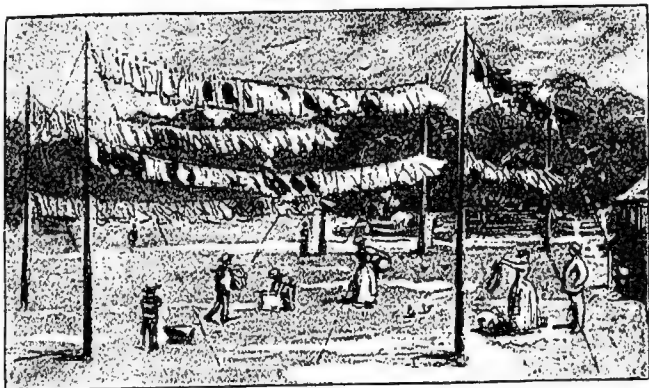
DRILL



"CROSS ROYAL YARDS"



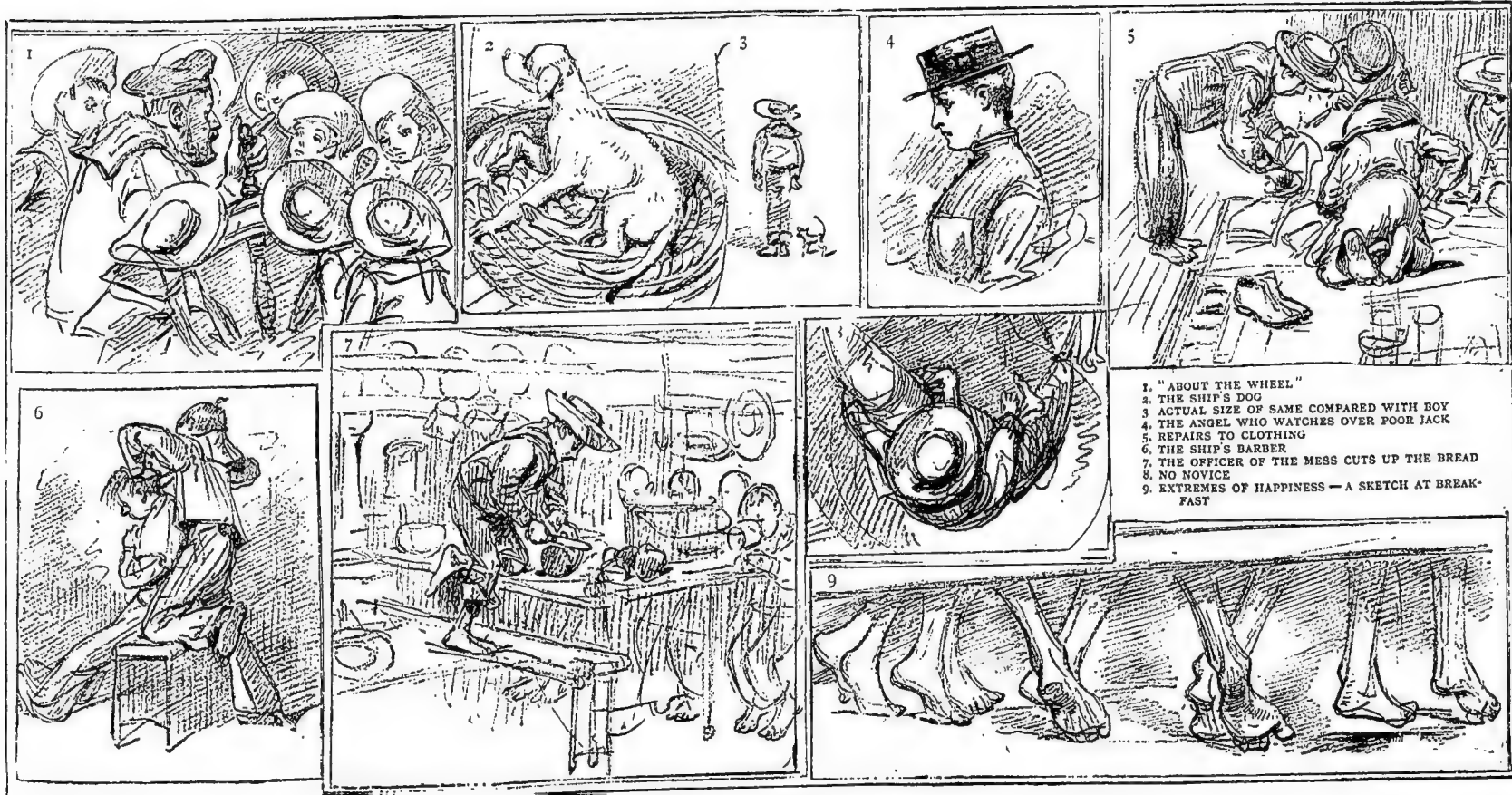
THE LAUNDRY



THE DRYING-GROUND



HEAVING THE LEAD



1. "ABOUT THE WHEEL"
2. THE SHIP'S DOG
3. ACTUAL SIZE OF SAME COMPARED WITH BOY
4. THE ANGEL WHO WATCHES OVER POOR JACK
5. REPAIRS TO CLOTHING
6. THE SHIP'S BARBER
7. THE OFFICER OF THE MESS CUTS UP THE BREAD
8. NO NOVICE
9. EXTREMES OF HAPPINESS — A SKETCH AT BREAKFAST

JOTTINGS ON BOARD

LIFE ON BOARD THE TRAINING SHIP "MERCURY"



THE change of Government in HOLLAND creates considerable impression on the Continent. BELGIUM shows especial respect to the King's memory, as the old jealousy of the neighbours, once one country, has been forgotten, and King Leopold intends to attend the Royal funeral. But neither Belgium nor FRANCE can disguise their fear that GERMANY may meddle with a kingdom deprived of a strong masculine Sovereign, or that Luxemburg may become a German province. France, indeed, takes a peculiar interest in the fate of the House of Orange, which sprang from her nation. On their side, the Germans comment somewhat coolly on the Monarch who was "the enemy of Germany and Prussia," but the *North German Gazette* declares that the "sober patriotism of the Dutch people affords a guarantee that the State will remain an element of order and peace in Europe." Most foreign Sovereigns have sent messages of condolence to Queen Emma, who has issued a short proclamation to the nation announcing Queen Wilhelmina's accession.

Public affairs in FRANCE continue very quiet. M. Jules Ferry's return to political life is the most notable event, for not only has he been elected to represent Tonkin in the new Colonial Council, but he was warmly greeted on presiding at the opening of the classes belonging to the Philotechnic Association. Respecting Tonkin, Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvalot bring home glowing accounts of the prosperity of the colony, which they visited on their way back from Tibet. The explorers had a most enthusiastic welcome on reaching Paris, although the Duc de Chartres kept the reception as private as possible, for political reasons. Paris is greatly excited over the murder of General Seliverstov, such a proof of Nihilist vengeance reaching beyond Russia giving an unpleasant shock to the Muscovite colony in France. The supposed assassin, Padlevski, is still at large, apparently in England. A more pleasant social topic is the presentation of a testimonial from the English residents to the Rev. T. Howard Gill, who retires to a Kentish living after being British Chaplain for seven years.

The elections in ITALY are a great triumph for the Government. Signor Crispi's first direct appeal to the country has given him a large Parliamentary majority, probably some 300 by the time the contested elections are decided, while he himself heads the poll in three constituencies. Such a result far exceeds the Ministerial hopes, and is practically the national verdict approving the Triple Alliance, and condemning Irredentism. The latter party can claim but one success, in Rome, where Signor Barzillai takes the last seat after the four Government candidates. Yet the Irredentists had worked hard, aided by the extreme Radicals, who accuse the Premier vehemently of deserting his former Republican principles, and raise the popular cry against oppressive taxation. The latter pretext, indeed, is valid enough, for taxes are exceptionally heavy, owing to the large defensive outlay and the tariff-war with France, all resulting in a regular annual deficit of late years. But the Opposition are divided, and have no popular leader, so that they will not prove very formidable when Parliament opens on December 10th. From Italy's position as an allied nation, the elections have been watched with special interest by other Powers, and if FRANCE and RUSSIA are disappointed at Signor Crispi's success, GERMANY and AUSTRIA are no less gratified that at present the League of Peace will not be endangered by Ministerial changes.

Dr. Koch's great discovery still centres scientific interest in GERMANY. Now that the first excitement is past, competent medical authorities are acknowledging that the remedy cannot cure advanced consumptive cases, though it is most successful in many forms of tubercular disease, notably lupus. It is doubtful, too, whether the lymph effects a permanent cure, or whether the inoculation must be repeated in after years. There can be no question that the discovery was noised abroad before Dr. Koch had finally elaborated his mode of treatment—plainly against the doctor's wish—and that the rush of patients to Berlin has hampered a leisurely and effectual examination of the system. From 1,500 to 2,000 patients are under treatment, doctors are being sent from all parts of the world to learn the system, and applications for lymph are as numerous, so that poor Dr. Koch and his assistants are harassed and overworked. Indeed, the Doctor himself will see no one, nor appear in public, but shuts himself up to continue the manufacture of the lymph. He has confided the secret to two persons alone, in case of any accident to himself, but the descriptions of the lymph hitherto published are flatly declared untrue. Meanwhile Dr. Koch is receiving the highest honours of his country. The Emperor has decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle—the third highest Prussian Order, and bestowed on no scientist since Humboldt—and Berlin has given him the freedom of the city—a distinction shared only with Moltke, Bismarck, and Dr. Schliemann. The Empress Frederick has also visited Dr. Koch's private wards. Whilst the special hospital for his method is being constructed, Berlin will supply the funds for accommodating and treating poorer patients, besides assisting to establish a sanatorium in the suburbs. Herr Krupp of Essen will organise a hospital for his workpeople, and has already sent doctors to study under Dr. Koch. Naturally, rival claims to the discovery spring up, notably that of Dr. Miller of New York, who asserts that he practised inoculation for consumption eighteen years ago with great success. If so, why did he not prosecute his treatment? By the by, a drama on Dr. Koch and his discovery is being rehearsed at Arad, in Hungary.—Emperor William recently attended the Chancellor's Parliamentary dinner, and spoke forcibly against politicians who did nothing but criticise. He also condemned the Social Democrat Congresses, and urged the promotion of public works. The Government agreement with the German East African Company has been published, stating that the Company may raise a five per cent. loan of 528,000*l.* to defray the indemnity of 200,000*l.* to the Sultan of Zanzibar and the expense of lighting and buoying the East African harbours. As soon as the indemnity is paid, the Government will take over the administration of the territory and levy all taxes, paying the Company a fixed monthly sum until the loan is extinguished. The Company do not quite relish this arrangement, for they will make less money than before, and the director, Herr Vohsen, has resigned, another African expert, Herr Ibenau, taking his place. In EAST AFRICA itself, the murderers of the two Germans belonging to the East African Company have been executed, and Major Wissman is preparing another Expedition to the Lakes, while Emin Pasha is on his way back to Tabora. From CENTRAL AFRICA come alarmist reports of the CONGO FREE STATE having seized the Baptist Missionary steamer *Peace* by armed force, but it is explained that the Congo authorities were obliged to requisition the vessel for State Service, their own steamer having been wrecked, and that they paid the missionaries for her use.

The Indian war-scare grows very serious in the UNITED STATES. Both the Sioux and the Cheyenne Indians in Dakota threaten war, and after the previous record of the former nation—the most powerful Indian tribe—alarm is reasonable enough. The Sioux, nearly 30,000 strong, were removed from their original home in Minnesota to Dakota owing to their murders of the white settlers; but they have been on the warpath twice in recent years, witness the terrible

massacre of General Custer and his band by Sitting Bull—now again the head of the agitation. Religious fanaticism has stirred up the present rising, and in the expectation of the Messiah appearing next month, the Indians are dancing the "ghost dance" on all sides, emissaries stirring up the distant bands. Though forbidden to dance by the agents, the chiefs send impertinent messages in reply, and are massing their best fighting men in readiness for the fray. The settlers hurry away in panic, while strong bodies of Government troops are sent up to Pine Ridge and Rosebud on the Dakota frontier—the most agitated district. Buffalo Bill also has gone to the front to use his influence. A more cheerful tone prevails respecting money matters, for, despite numerous fresh important failures, the financial world is fast recovering confidence. Mr. Jay Gould's vast railway operations, in particular, keep the market active. The interest in the Irish leaders' tour has much lessened, thanks to Mr. Parnell's misdoings, which are hotly canvassed. This week the Americans are keeping Thanksgiving Day and anticipating the resumption of the fishery negotiations with NEWFOUNDLAND as soon as Mr. Bond, the Newfoundland Colonial Secretary, reaches Washington. Mr. Bond will propose a reciprocal arrangement, free bait being granted to American fishermen in return for the free admission of fish and crude materials to the American market. Judging from Mr. Blaine's organ, the *Tribune*, the United States will only be satisfied with the monopoly of the bait privileges, but the Newfoundland Press insist on according similar privileges to the French and Canadians. As to the Newfoundland difficulty between England and France, the Colonial Ministry insist that all reports of progress are false, as the negotiations are kept quite secret, although they hint that some temporary settlement may be reached speedily. Speaking of colonial trade with foreign nations, CANADA finds that the McKimley Tariff Bill is not so injurious after all. Sir J. Macdonald declares that the closing of the American market has developed the nation's independence, and taught her to discover fresh sources for supply.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SPAIN has paid every respect to the victims of the *Serpent* disaster. A funeral service was held at the nearest church to Camarinas—where the catastrophe occurred—attended by the Spanish authorities and the crew of the British gunboat *Lapwing*, who were present afterwards at the burial of eighty-nine bodies in a specially-consecrated cemetery. A Spanish official presented a wreath from the Navy, and the *Lapwing* fired a salute of twenty-one guns to acknowledge the kindness received.—The Viceroy of INDIA held a grand durbar at Agra, on Monday, largely attended by the natives, and delivered an important speech. Sir Mackenzie Wallace has gone to Bombay to act as cicerone to the Czarevitch during his coming visit. At present the young Prince is being fitted in EGYPT.—The Australian Convention to consider the Federal Constitution scheme will meet at Sydney next March.



THE QUEEN gave a dinner-party at Windsor Castle at the end of last week in honour of Princess Victoria of Prussia's marriage. The Duchess of Albany and Prince Christian Victor, with Lord and Lady Salisbury and the German Ambassador, were among the guests, who after dinner heard a concert from the Royal Artillery band. On Saturday Her Majesty held a Council, and afterwards gave audiences to Lords Salisbury and Cranbrook, received Lord Yarrowborough to kiss hands on his appointment as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and knighted Mr. Justice Romer. Prince Christian Victor took leave of the Queen on his departure for India, and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in the evening. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and later the Duke of Clarence and Avondale arrived on his return from Germany. The Duchess of Albany and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Clarence left on Monday, when Prince and Princess Edward and Princess Herman of Saxe-Weimar joined the Royal dinner-party, and the Queen invested Prince Edward with the Order of St. Patrick. Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry and children, will go to Osborne on December 19th for Christmas, remaining in the Isle of Wight till February, when the Queen may take a Continental trip. The Court is in mourning for the King of Holland.

The Prince of Wales rejoined his wife and daughters at Sandringham on Saturday, when fresh guests arrived. The Prince and Princess, with their daughters and visitors, attended Divine Service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Archdeacon Farrar preached, and next day they visited Lynn for the Prince to open the Sporting Exhibition. Afterwards the Prince and his guests left for town, and the Prince attended the opening of Parliament on Tuesday, leaving again next day to stay with Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable, Norfolk, where the Princess, with her daughters and the Duke of Clarence, had preceded him. Another house-party will assemble on Monday to keep the Princess's birthday.—Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess, came of age on Wednesday.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to Devonport from town on Wednesday. He will spend Christmas at Coburg with the Duchess and family, and bring them back to England in January. The Duchess has now returned to Coburg from attending the Royal wedding at Berlin, whence, also, Prince and Princess Christian arrived in England on Monday, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected at the end of the week.

THE ECLIPSES OF NEXT YEAR will be more visible in England than usual. Although we shall see little of the lunar eclipse of May 23rd, which is total in the East and at the Antipodes, the total eclipse on November 15th will be entirely visible at Greenwich. An annular solar eclipse on June 6th is to be observed in this country as a partial eclipse on the upper limb, but a similar phenomenon on December 1st will be visible chiefly in the South Pacific. A glimpse will be obtained in England, also, of the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc on May 10th. Speaking of celestial phenomena, a remarkable comet was seen recently at Grahamstown, which travelled over at least 100 degrees of the heavens in three-quarters of an hour. It was narrow and very long—quite 90 degrees—and at one time stretched along the southern horizon as a weird-looking ribbon of grey light moving visibly across the sky.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week. The deaths numbered 1,716 against 1,709 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 7, although 6 below the average, and the death-rate remaining at 20.2 per 1,000. Diseases of the respiratory organs diminished slightly, and caused 459 fatalities, a decrease of 6, but 11 above the usual return, while 3 deaths from influenza showed a fall of 3. Diphtheria rose again, however, the fatal cases being an increase of 8 on the preceding week, and 10 over the average. There were 76 deaths from measles (an advance of 13), 33 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8), 26 from scarlet fever (a rise of 11), 23 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), and 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 8). Different forms of violence produced 56 deaths, including 7 suicides and 1 murder. There were 2,206 births registered, a decrease of 115, and 541 below the average.



THE OPERA.—The autumn season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden comes to an end on Saturday, with a repetition performance of *Tannhäuser*, in which Madame Albani and MM. Perotti and Maurel will take part. During the season of six weeks thirteen operas have been mounted, a sufficiently creditable record, which would have been more satisfactory still if the short time allowed for building up so considerable a repertory had not prevented sufficient preparation of some of the less familiar works. The operas which have achieved the greatest success are Gluck's *Orfeo*, which was now heard for the first time in London these thirty years; *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Faust*. Gluck's *Orfeo* particularly has attracted very large houses, a fact which will give encouragement to those who claim that the tastes of the public do not lie so low as some of our foreign and other critics may pretend. The other operas presented have been *Roberto* and *La Gioconda*—both heard for the first time for some years, but neither achieving any great measure of success—*Aida*, *Les Huguenots*, *Norma*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, and *L'Étoile du Nord*. The last was revived on Tuesday, chiefly for the sake of M. Maurel, whose impersonation of Peter the Great has always been one of the most popular creations of his repertory. Verdi's *Otello*, conditionally promised, has not been given, but Signor Lago has an idea to perform it in the course of the next summer at a season which he projects at either Her Majesty's or some other still unnamed theatre.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The fifth season of these entertainments opened last week, when, although St. James's Hall was not full, it was, nevertheless, satisfactory to see a larger audience than usual. The programme was composed of familiar works, including Mozart's ever-welcome "Prague" symphony, and Brahms' second symphony in D. By way of novelty, the Orchester-Sinfonie by C. E. P. Bach, a younger son of the Leipzig Cantor, was performed with the harpsichord part restored. This revival of a now obsolete instrument, though well-intended, was an obvious mistake. The harpsichord, which was an excellent specimen of Broadwood's manufacture, was cleverly played by Dr. Hubert Parry, but it was almost drowned by the imposing force of seventy bandmen. C. P. E. Bach of course wrote for an orchestra of fewer than twenty performers. If the experiment again be made, it would be advisable to reduce the number of players or increase the number of harpsichords.

SPANISH MUSIC.—At Señor Albéniz's second orchestral concert on Friday, some further specimens of Spanish music, particularly by Señor Breton and the concert-giver himself were tried. Señor Breton, who holds a high position both as a composer and conductor in Madrid, was heard to far better advantage in a dramatic and well-scored prelude to his opera *The Lovers of Teruel*, and in an orchestral scherzo and trio, than in the quasi-Beethoven symphony performed at the previous concert. At the same time, it must be confessed such works hardly give any indication that modern Spanish composers possess a school of their own. There was far more character in some of the *salon* pianoforte pieces of Señor Albéniz, particularly as to a delicious little "Pavane," in which the delicate touch of the Spanish pianist was once more demonstrated. Included in the programme, also, was Señor Albéniz's "Concerto Fantastique," in which, however, the pianoforte part was more interesting than the orchestration.

THE BALLAD CONCERTS.—The Ballad Concerts have now completed nearly a quarter of a century of their existence, and the fact that they remain as popular as ever speaks well alike for the favour which, despite satire, the British ballad still enjoys, and also for the excellent management of Mr. Boosey. At the first concert a large number of old and favourite songs were sung by Madames Mary Davies and Moody, Messrs. Lloyd, Ben Davies, and Foote. There were also three new ballads, of which Mr. Maybrick's "The Heart of a Sailor," a ditty written quite in the spirit of Dibdin, proved the most successful. The same composer's "The Cry of the Little Ones" was of a more commonplace character, but Mr. Bevan's "The Flight of Ages," sung by Madame Belle Cole, although conventional, has a pretty melody. At the Ballad Concert this week among the new songs announced were Mr. Marzial's "Where's Hugo?" and Miss Lehmann's "The Castilian Maid."

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday M. Paderewski repeated his pianoforte concerto in A minor, which he first produced at his own concert, at St. James's Hall, last June, when we gave a description of it. This clever, though unequal work, deserves a better *finale*.—At the Popular Concerts Miss Fanny Davies made her welcome re-appearance on Saturday, and gave a masterly performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Fantasia in C, which she plays probably better than any other pianist now before the public save her teacher, Madame Schumann herself.—At Monday's concert M. Paderewski again appeared and played the sonata, Op. 111.—Madame Patti gave her final London concert at the Albert Hall last week, singing, besides the three songs for which she was announced, three favourite British ballads for encores.—On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their first vocal recital, singing duets by various composers from Marco da Gagliano to Ambroise Thomas, and a large number of songs by the great German and Italian masters. Mrs. Henschel's delivery of Schubert's "Suleika," and of three new songs by her husband (one of which was encored) fairly delighted her audience.—At Bow on Saturday Mr. Gaul's new sacred cantata "The Ten Virgins" was produced. The work is obviously written for the smaller provincial and other choirs, and while it is melodious and interesting enough, it presents few difficulties to average choristers. The story of the wise and foolish virgins is told chiefly by a baritone narrator. There are plenty of solos, and considerable use is also made of the chorale "Wachet Auf," better known as the original of Mendelssohn's "Sleepers Wake."—On Wednesday Berlioz's *Faust* was announced to be performed by the Royal Choral Society.—Concerts have also been given by the Royal Amateur Orchestra, the Royal College Students, Middlesex, the Musical Guild, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Rubinstein last week finally put an end to rumours that he would undertake a fresh tour through the United Kingdom next year. Mr. Vert offered him practically his own terms, but the great pianist on Thursday telegraphed: "I do not play in public more—not for any sum of money."—Professor Bridge brought his Gresham Lectures to a close last Friday with a discourse upon instrumental music during the seventeenth century.—Sir John Stainer last Thursday delivered at the London Institution an interesting lecture upon "Carols," stating incidentally that he and his daughter had looked over some thousands of pages of old German, Flemish, and other carols.—Madame Patti has again definitely refused Mr. Abbey's offer to undertake a fresh tour in the United States next year. She is now resting at Craig-y-Nos Castle, but will start for Russia in a few weeks.—It is understood that Mr. Augustus Harris is organising an Italian Opera Company for a provincial tour.—The well-known buffo, Signor Ciampi, has become conductor of a choral society which he has started in Paris.—A new string septet by the Russian composer Tchaikowsky, was produced last week at St. Petersburg.

THE DEATH OF THE KING OF HOLLAND

THOUGH long-expected, the death of William III. of Holland was sudden at the last. For months he had remained at the Castle of Loo as a hopeless invalid, both bodily and mentally, but it was not till quite recently that he was officially declared incapable of governing, while Queen Emma took the oath as Regent only on Thursday of last week. The King was sinking then, however, and on Saturday night became much worse. An attack of blood-poisoning set in, and he finally passed away peacefully early on Sunday morning, his



WILLIAM III., KING OF HOLLAND
Born Feb. 19, 1817. Died Nov. 23, 1890

wife being with him to the end. The King's body was embalmed and laid out in State, covered with the flowers which his little daughter gathered from her own garden, and next Monday the Royal remains will be removed to the Hague, to lie in State until the final interment in the family mausoleum at Delft on Thursday. The death of King William extinguishes the direct male line of the House of Orange, which first ruled the Netherlands under William of Nassau as Stadtholder three centuries ago. Born in 1817, the late King was the elder son of William II. and the Russian Princess Anna, and succeeded to the Throne in 1849. His long reign brought steady prosperity to his kingdom, though unmarked by any great national event. Indeed, King William's only prominent political stroke was the bargain with Napoleon III. to hand over Luxemburg—a conspicuous failure. His domestic relations were unfortunate, for he soon disagreed with Sophia of Wurtemberg, whom he had married in 1839, and the pair were separated for many years. His sons, too, were a disappointment, the Prince of Orange ruining his health by dissipation till he died at Paris in 1879, while Prince Alexander, who inherited his mother's intellect and studious disposition, suffered from spinal disease, and died in 1884. With such unpromising heirs, the succession question became most important, for a host of claimants loomed in the distance. So the Dutch were delighted when, two years after the death of his first wife, the King married Princess Emma of Waldeck, second daughter of the reigning Duke George Victor, and sister to the Duchess of Albany. Though only a girl of twenty, the young Queen soon adapted herself to her position, and gained the greatest popularity as a devoted wife and mother.

On August 31st, 1880, a daughter was born to the Royal couple, Wilhelmina Helen Pauline Marie, now the youthful Queen of the Netherlands. The King and Queen devoted themselves to their child, who accompanied them everywhere, and came to London as a mere baby to the marriage of the Duchess of Albany. She has been brought up most carefully, Queen Emma superintending her studies, so that the little Queen is a good linguist and pianist. She likes outdoor amusements best, however, and delights in driving a team of six ponies. Her mother has taken her repeatedly to visit charitable institutions, while her birthday is a regular holiday with the Dutch children, who are invited to high festival in the grounds of the Castle of Loo. To secure the Dutch succession to the young Queen, the Constitution was revised recently, but Queen Wilhelmina



THE GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG

cannot reign in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, where the Salic law prevails, and this possession has now gone from Holland to Duke Adolphus of Nassau. The Duke, who is the same age as his predecessor (seventy-three) has seen much trouble. In 1866 Prussia coolly annexed his dominions, and for years he was on bad terms with the Hohenzollerns, till the marriage of his daughter with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden healed the breach. In

April, 1889, when the King of Holland was so seriously ill, the Duke was appointed Regent of Luxemburg, but he had scarcely entered the Duchy before King William recovered, and he was obliged to retire. During the King's last illness the Duke was somewhat unwilling to repeat the step, but he consented eventually, and was installed as Regent early this month. His heir is his only son, Prince William, now thirty-eight years old, and a colonel of Austrian dragoons.—Our portraits of the Grand Duke and Hereditary Prince of Luxemburg are from photographs by Adèle, 1, Wallfischgasse II., Mezzanin, Vienna.

THEATRES

A MERRIER first night than that of the revival of Mr. Pinero's *In Chancery* has not been registered in the annals of TERRY'S Theatre. When this eccentric comedy was produced six or seven years ago at the GAIETY Theatre it somehow missed its mark; but it seems at last to be likely to win the success that it undoubtedly deserves. Mr. Terry's portrait of the unhappy commercial traveller who loses his memory entirely through the shock of a railway accident, and, oblivious of wife and home, and even of name—for he fancies himself to be a Mr. Montague Jolliffe only because in the confusion of the accident he has exchanged overcoats with a fellow-passenger and discovered a card-case in one of the pockets—allows himself to be bullied and cajoled by a dictatorial inn-keeper into an unconsciously bigamous offer of marriage, is exquisitely ludicrous. Though this is not the most complete or finished of the author's long farces, it shows his comic invention at its best. The piece is acted in the proper spirit, and gives employment to all the leading members of Mr. Terry's company.

A comedietta entitled *My Lady Help*, written by Mr. Arthur Macklin and brought out at the SHAFESBURY, is not a very original or particularly brilliant production; but that is only saying that it belongs to the class of pieces known to our stage by the awkward, but not easily avoidable, name of "curtain-raisers." A rich, vulgar, provision-merchant had a decided objection to his nephew marrying an aristocratic lady, and insists upon his preferring a maid-of-all-work, whose pleasant, homely qualities have fascinated the old gentleman. Reconciliation comes when the confession has been made that the servant-of-all-work, otherwise the "lady-help," is no other than the aristocratic young lady, and that the young couple are already united. The little piece, which was neatly played by Miss Florence West, Mr. H. V. Esmond, an Mr. Beauchamp serves to introduce the new play of *The Pharisee*, whose strong dramatic story, clever characterisations and vigorous dialogue—supported by Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis's powerful acting—appear to be thoroughly appreciated by Shaftesbury audiences.



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND

Mr. Augustus Harris has formally contradicted the rumour of a revolutionary project for abolishing the "harlequinade" in his next Christmas pantomime. This is possibly only a reprieve for clown and pantaloons, for the tendency has clearly been for a long time in this direction, so steadily have gorgeous openings encroached on the old boisterous fun. The end, however, is not yet—at least, not at Drury Lane.

Even as far as the wintry shores of Finland is the indefatigable Mr. Grein about to carry the fame of the contemporary English drama. He has arranged for the production of a version of *The Middleman* at the Svenska Theatre, Helsingfors. *The Profligate*, according to the announcement, is to follow. A version of *Our Flat* has also been arranged for a theatre in Amsterdam.

The able and judicious dramatic critic of the *Observer* thus characterises Mrs. Langtry's performance in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—"With all its defects, Mr. Coghlan's Antony is a creation of some plausible significance, whereas Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra never even hints at the dramatic meaning of the character as drawn by Shakespeare. . . . The coquettishness by which she fascinates her conqueror are pretty enough, but they clearly belong to the modern ball-room rather than the ancient palace. Her fits of anger are sufficiently vehement, yet never rise above the level of petulance; her pathos is strenuous, but absolutely tearless. Her whole impersonation, in fact, is an example of earnest effort applied to an unsuitable task. Neither in natural resource nor in artistic training is Mrs. Langtry fitted for the interpretation of tragedy on a heroic scale, and her embodiment carries conviction only in the superb physical beauty, whereby alone the new Cleopatra exerts her influence over her reluctant lover."

Saturday last was the eighty-fifth—some say the eighty-sixth—birthday of the venerable Mrs. Keeley, who, in accordance with custom, and in acknowledgment of her many kindnesses to that Institution, received a rhymed address from a deputation of young people from the Children's Hospital. Mr. Ashby Sterry was the author of the graceful lines.

The English Rose, at the ADELPHI, has turned the point of the hundredth night. It seems in a fair way to attain another century. Mr. Alexander and his company from the AVENUE went down to Brighton on Thursday to give a morning performance of *Sunlight and Shadow* at the theatre there.

The first morning performance of *Ravenswood* will be given at the LYCEUM on Saturday next. It is designed for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and is certain to bring a handsome sum into the treasury of that excellent institution.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK and her last unmarried daughter, Princess Margaret, will probably winter at Naples.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—As usual in the last week of the racing season, when owners make every effort to secure something for their "winter's keep," the fields were large both at Warwick and Manchester. For the forty-one races decided during the week there were no fewer than 449 runners, an average of almost exactly eleven a piece. Otherwise the sport does not call for much comment. The only important event was the Manchester November Handicap, which the Duke of Beaufort's Parlington, starting an



THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF HOLLAND
Now Regent

equal favourite with Silver Spur, secured from a field of nineteen Shall We Remember was second, and Ringmaster third. Wiseman won the Lancashire Handicap at the same meeting. Four horses scored twice during the week. Wreath II. won two races at Warwick, Madame Neruda one at Warwick and one at Manchester, and Camberwell Beauty and Sea Song two each at Manchester. Mr. Abington, who was so badly savaged by the last-named, is, we are glad to hear, going on favourably.

The statistics of the past season are now pouring in. As last year, T. Loates stands at the head of the winning jockeys, with 147 victories in 659 rides, and George Barrett is second, with 106 in 555. Really, however, Watts, who stands third, has the best record. He has ridden 85 winners in 335 attempts (an average of 1 in 4) and was victorious in four of the five "classic" events—One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger—an unprecedented performance. Of the gentlemen riders, Mr. Abington's figures alone require mention. In 114 rides he won 42 races. In this connection, however, we may mention the excellent jockeyship of Mr. F. B. Atkinson at the recent Aldershot Meeting, when he won all the six races in which he took part.

For the third year in succession the Duke of Portland, who in five years has won more than 140,000*l.*, heads the list of winning owners. This time his total is 25,203*l.*, secured in fourteen races. Memoir has been the chief contributor, with 15,702*l.*, to this sum. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth has signalled his accession to the Stewardship of the Jockey Club by winning fourteen races, worth 14,719*l.*, and Mr. H. Milner is close up with 14,123*l.* General Byrne, Mr. A. W. Merry, Mr. Abington, Colonel North, and Lord Calthorpe are the other owners whose innings run into five figures. The Prince of Wales has only secured four races, value 694*l.*

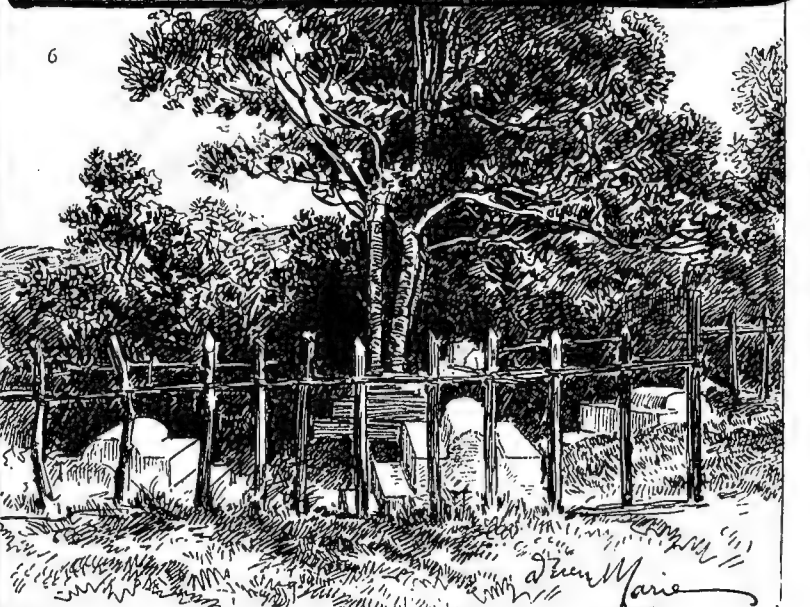
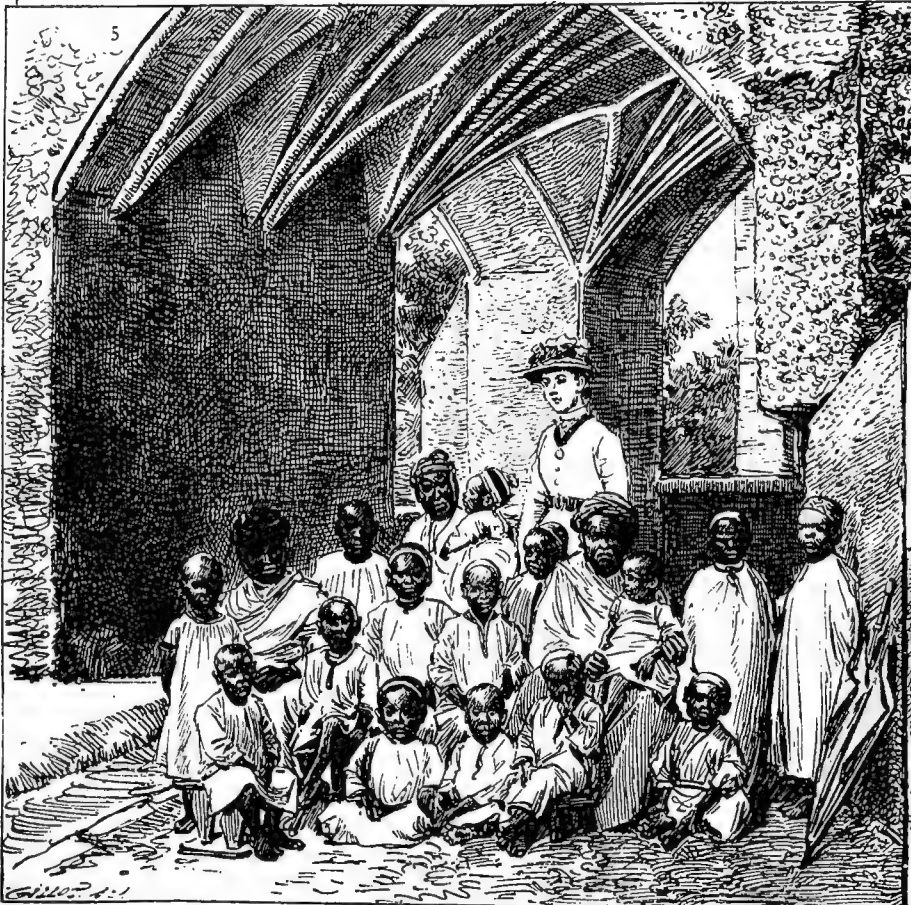
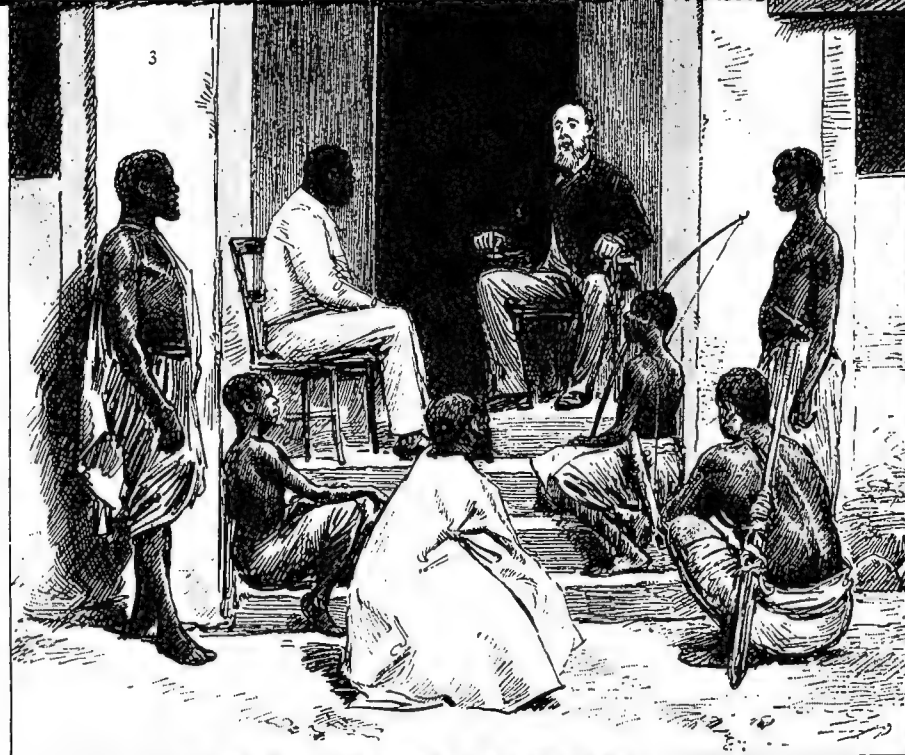
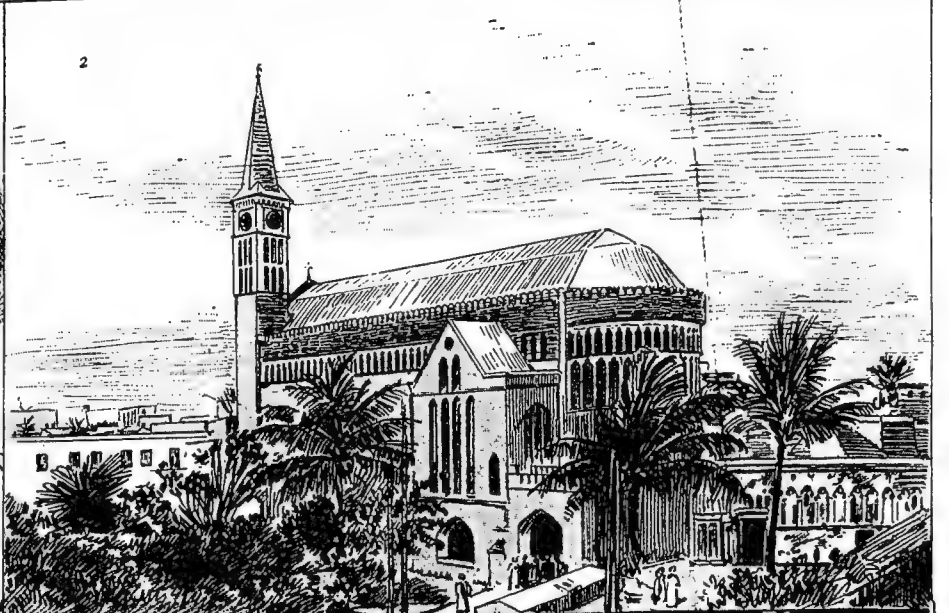
FOOTBALL.—Ten thousand spectators witnessed the League match in which Preston North End defeated Everton. Wolverhampton Wanderers now hold the first place in the competition. Oxford University were beaten by Mr. J. H. Farmer's Eleven last week, but revenged themselves upon the Crusaders; while Cambridge defeated Chatham and the Swifts, and made a creditable draw with Blackburn Rovers.—Rugbywise, the Dark Blues have been unlucky enough to succumb, after very close games, both to Cardiff and Richmond; but Cambridge easily beat Blackheath, though the "Heathens" were *minus* Stoddart and some other



THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF LUXEMBURG

of their "cracks." A most determined game between the Old Leysians and London Welsh resulted in a draw, the Welshmen showing a great improvement on their recent form.

ROWING.—G. Elin, Third Trinity, President of the University Boat-Club, won the Colquhoun Sculls at Cambridge last week.—M'Lean, who recently defeated Stanbury, has been challenged by Kemp, and the pair will meet for the Sculling Championship of the World on December 15th over the Parramatta course.



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HOME

MR. GLADSTONE has at last made up his mind to suggest that Mr. Parnell should resign the Leadership of the Irish Party. The history of the suggestion is told in a letter from him to Mr. John Morley, published on Wednesday morning, the day after the opening of Parliament. In its first form it consisted merely of a statement made to Mr. McCarthy by Mr. Gladstone that, in the opinion of the latter, Mr. Parnell's "continuance" in the Leadership, carefully qualified by the addition "at the present moment," would be "productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the interests of Ireland." In its second form, the ex-Premier is heard making an *ad misericordiam* appeal to Mr. Parnell, whose pertinacious continuance in the Irish Leadership would, Mr. Gladstone says, "render my retention of the Leadership of the Liberal Party—based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish cause—almost a nullity." This admission has doubtless been extorted by the emphatic declarations during the last ten days of so many zealous followers of Mr. Gladstone in and out of the House of Commons, that the Home Rule cause was almost hopeless if Mr. Parnell remained the Leader of its Irish supporters. What follows as to the response of the Irish Party to Mr. Gladstone's suggestion is mostly given on the authority of a press-agency. It seems that Mr. Gladstone's rather vague hint of the possibility of his withdrawal from the Leadership of his Party, in the event of Mr. Parnell's retaining the Irish Leadership, was not known to the Irish M.P.'s until they held a second meeting on Tuesday evening, subsequent to that mentioned in our "Parliament" column. Mr. Gladstone's intimation is said to have had a considerable effect in modifying the desire of the Irish party to retain Mr. Parnell as their leader. Another meeting of the party was held on Wednesday, at 2 P.M., and at it the majority of those present, including Mr. Sexton and Mr. Justin McCarthy, are represented as having urged Mr. Parnell's retirement, while he himself is described as maintaining, characteristically, throughout the proceedings, an "attitude of reserve." At a second meeting on Wednesday, held at 5 P.M., no definite decision, it appears, was arrived at. We understand that it was adjourned until Monday next.

GENERAL BOOTH has, since our last issue, visited some industrial centres and addressed public meetings in support of his great scheme. At Bradford Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., and Mr. Illingworth, M.P., spoke in favour of it, and 3,000 was subscribed in one day. The General also paid a successful visit to Manchester. Several subscriptions of 1,000 have been promised, one of them from the Earl of Airlie. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone and the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Clarke, have each subscribed 500. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, like her late husband, an orthodox political economist, gave an account, in a recent lecture, of her visits to the workshops and shelters of the Salvation Army in Whitechapel where, she said, she found a number of people, apparently of the very lowest moral and physical type, and yet they were debilitated and had a happy human look as they went on with their work. On Monday and Tuesday this week, at devotional exercises in Exeter Hall, largely attended by Salvationists, General Booth spoke incidentally on his scheme. Referring to a cheque sent him by the Marquis of Queensberry as a declared agnostic, and to a reproach addressed to him for accepting money from professed opponents of Christianity, he said that he would take money from any one to help him in his beneficent work. The fund now amounts to more than 60,000.

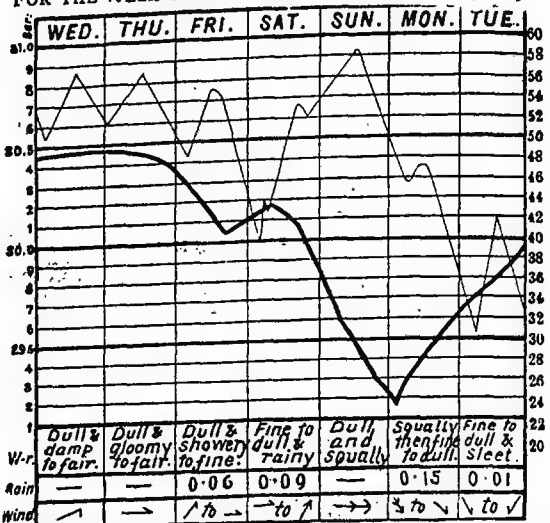
MR. W. BECKETT, M.P. for the Bassetlaw division of Notts, met with a sad death on Sunday afternoon. He was walking on the up-side of the line towards Wimbome station, when a train from Bournemouth was passing him his hat was blown off by the heavy wind, and he himself was dragged, presumably by the force of the wind, under the train, and instantaneously killed. Mr. Beckett, who was in his sixty-fifth year, was a younger brother of Lord Grimthorpe, to whose title he was heir presumptive. He was the head of the well-known Leeds banking-firm of Beckett and Co., and intimately connected with various railway and other enterprises, among them the company (limited) to which the *Yorkshire Post* belongs, and of which he was chairman. He was a staunch Conservative, and represented East Retford from 1876 to 1880, and the Bassetlaw division, with much the same constituency, under a new name, from 1881 until his death. His eldest son, Mr. Ernest W. Beckett is M.P. for the Whitby division of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in his sixty-ninth year, of the thirty-first Baron Kinsale, premier Baron of Ireland, who served as a Major in the Turkish contingent during the Crimean War, as Colonel in the Federal Army of the United States during the War of Secession, and was for a time stipendiary magistrate at San Juan, Vancouver's Island; in his forty-first year, of Sir Francis Colville Ford, Bart.; in his sixty-fifth year, of the Hon. Thomas C. Bruce, uncle of the Earl of Elgin, for several years Conservative M.P. for Portsmouth, Chairman of the Highland Railway Company, and otherwise well known in the North as Commissioner for the Seafield estates; in his ninety-sixth year, of Mr. Onley Savill-Onley, of Stisted Hall, near Braintree, one of the oldest members of the Bar, and the oldest magistrate and landholder in Essex; in his seventieth year, of Mr. Henry Birley, Chairman of the Manchester and Salford School Boards, an ardent educationist, who, with his late brother, Mr. Richard Birley, one of the Conservative members for Manchester, founded and maintained a number of schools; in his seventy-second year, of General Thomas Addison, late of the Queen's, who served with distinction in India and China; in his eighty-eighth year, of the Rev. W. Powell, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral; in his seventy-fifth year of the Rev. James S. Hodson, Rector of Saundrestead, Surrey, formerly Rector of Edinburgh Academy, and Head Master of Bradford College, successively; in his seventy-fourth year, of the Rev. Dr. John Adam, of Glasgow, one of the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland, and Secretary to its Home Mission Committee; in his seventy-ninth year, of Dr. William Bell Scott, poet, painter, and etcher, author of, among other works, "Poems By a Painter," a memoir of his brother, David Scott, R.S.A., and a biography of Albert Dürer, with illustrative etchings; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. George Harris, from 1862 to 1868 one of the Registrars of the Court of Bankruptcy, author of several works, among them a biography of Lord Hardwicke and a "Philosophical Treatise on the Nature and Constitution of Man"; and in his sixty-seventh year, suddenly, of Mr. Bernard Wymouth, for more than a quarter of a century in the service of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, and during the last fourteen years its able and respected Secretary.

RIPE RASPBERRIES were gathered in the open air last week near Canterbury, and daisies were blooming on the hillsides of Kent and Surrey.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (25th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of the past week the weather has been very dull or gloomy, and rainy, with abnormally high temperatures in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. Towards the close of the time, however, temperature fell rapidly generally, as strong North-Westerly to Northerly winds or gales spread over the country. At the commencement of the week, pressure was lowest to the Northward, and highest to the Southward of our Islands, with South-Westerly or Westerly breezes, slight rain in most places, and foggy or gloomy, and mild weather generally. After Friday (21st inst.) the mercury commenced to fall rather briskly to the North of our Islands, where a depression was shown by Saturday morning (22nd inst.), and gradients for strong Westerly winds or gales were very prevalent, with a very general, but not heavy, rainfall, accompanied by occasional bright intervals. This disturbance subsequently moved South-Eastwards over the Southern parts of Scandinavia, and as it did so, the wind, which increased somewhat in strength, drew into the Northward, and temperature, hitherto very high for the season, fell rapidly with showers of cold rain, hail, or snow in many places. Quite at the close of the period the winds had lulled considerably over all but our extreme North-Eastern Coasts, and while much colder weather was experienced than of late, the conditions on the whole showed a decided improvement when compared with those recently experienced. Temperature has been distinctly above the average generally. The highest values, which were registered on various dates, ranged from a little below to a little above 60° in many parts of England and Ireland, and even as far North as Leith, while the lowest, which occurred at the end of the week showed slight frost at most of the inland English Stations. In London on Tuesday morning (25th inst.) 22° of frost were registered on the grass.

The barometer was highest (30.48 inches) on Thursday (20th inst.); lowest (29.78 inches) on Monday (24th inst.); range 1.30 inch. The temperature was highest (59°) on Sunday (23rd inst.); lowest (30°) on Tuesday (25th inst.); range 29°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.31 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.15 inch on Monday (24th inst.).

THE "RECORD" NYANZA STEAMER FUND has, that journal announces, reached the sum needed, 5,000*l.*, and is now closed.

HARWICH ROUTE to the CONTINENT.

The GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Company's Steamers leave PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH, for ANTWERP and ROTTERDAM every night (Sundays excepted). Through carriages run alongside from London (Liverpool Street Station), and from Manchester and Doncaster (via March), Birmingham (via Peterboro'), connecting with Express Trains from Scotland, Liverpool, the North of England, &c. The Company's New Steamers are above 1,000 tons register, and 2,000 I.H.P., contain separate Sleeping Cabins, Dining, Ladies', and Smoking Saloons, and are Lighted by Electricity. Average SEA PASSAGE to ANTWERP, SEVEN; ROTTERDAM, EIGHT HOURS. Through Tickets and Tours at exceptionally LOW FARES to all parts of the Continent. Sailings to HAMBURG every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday by the General Steam Navigation Company's Steamers.

Read the "Tourist Guide to the Continent," "Walks in the Ardennes," "Walks in Holland," profusely illustrated, 6d., by post, 8d., for which, and for further information address, F. Gooday, Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

FAMILY PORTRAITS. The MONOCHROME COMPANY'S Permanent Enlargements in Black and White, from Old, Faded, or recent Photographs, are Faithful in Likeness, Artistic in Finish, and leave nothing to be desired. Price on Porcelain or on Paper from 1s. "Resembling a fine engraving."—*Whithall Review*. "View with some of the very best etchings."—*Fall Mail Gazette*. Examples on view at the Galleries of the MONOCHROME COMPANY, 194, Piccadilly, London, W. (Opposite Sackville Street). Illustrated Prospectus, with prices, post free.

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MEMORIAL PORTRAITS.—Old or Faded Photographs of Deceased Friends, Copied or Enlarged on Porcelain so as to resemble the finest Engraving. Framed complete, 25s.—H. W. MACDONALD (late of San Francisco), 57, High Street, Eton, Bucks.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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FOR THE HAIR Keeps the scalp free from dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair, and makes it soft, silky, and luxuriant. Being perfectly harmless, and most delicately perfumed, it is equally suitable for all ages, but is invaluable and indispensable in the nursery.

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For Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons Marble
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Removes Rust, Dirt, Stains, Tarnish,
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SOLD BY GROCERS, IRONMONGERS, AND CHEMISTS.

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MONKEY BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:
And we both declare, as half the world knows,
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

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GUARANTEED FOR STRENGTH, ACCURACY, DURABILITY, AND VALUE.

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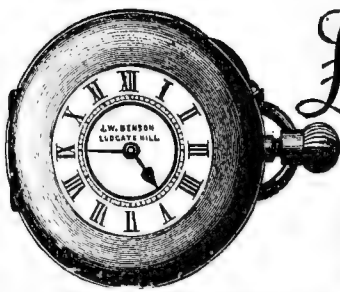
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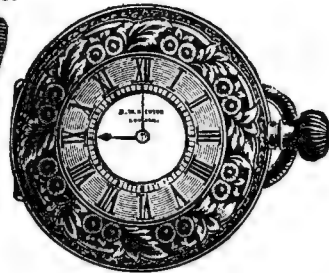
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THE history of the late Mrs. Henry Wood's "The House of Halliwell" (3 vols. : Bentley and Son) is told in the preface. It seems that it was written earlier than "East Lynne," but that, though prepared for publication, in its present three-volume form, it was never submitted or offered to any publishing firm. Evidently Mrs. Wood knew, from the beginning, the value of her own work; and it is to be regretted that her representatives have failed to respect her modesty. Mrs. Wood, with all her talent, is scarcely among those authors whose names lend the interest of curiosity even to their crudest *coups d'essai*—or rather, as in this case, to their private exercises in composition. In a general way, an author's memory should be identified with his or her best, or, at any rate, latest work; and should not be posthumously traded upon. "The House of Halliwell" cannot pretend to even literary merit; much less to interest either of narrative or of portraiture. Several generations of deplorably common-place young people pass through appropriately common-place experiences; and that is all. And it is also all that need be said of the whole matter.

Miss Marie Corelli displays her usual courage in three volumes eccentrically adorned by the binder, with scarlet ribbon, and by the printer with a startling effect in blood-colour, and entitled "Wormwood : a Drama of Paris" (Bentley and Son). This prodigious narrative professes to be the confessions of an *absintheur*, or absinthe-drinker; through whom Miss Corelli delivers, concerning things

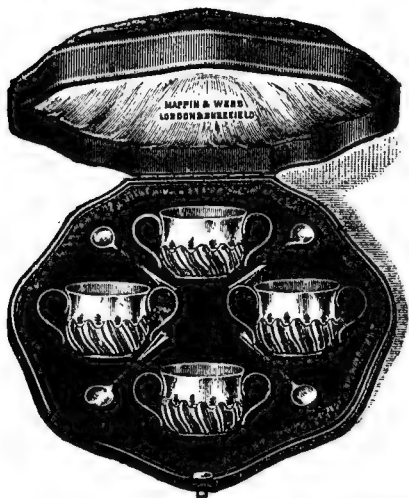
and people in general, fierce and furious remarks which, she is careful to explain, are not to be taken as her own. The style can only be described as frantic; but no doubt this has, at any rate, the merit of being appropriate to the homicidal maniac whom she has made his own biographer. Absinthe has much to answer for, no doubt, but we cannot accept M. Gaston Beauvais as a type of its victims. This is how he describes himself :—"I am a slinking, shuffling beast, half monkey, half man, whose aspect is so vile, whose body is so shaken with delirium, whose eyes are so murderous, that, if you met me by chance in the day-time, you would probably shriek for sheer alarm. . . . At night I live; at night I creep out with the other obscene things of Paris, and by my very presence add fresh pollution to the moral poisons in the air! I gain pence by the meanest errands—I help others to vice—and whenever I have the opportunity I draw down weak youths, mothers' darlings, to the brink of ruin, and topple them over—if I can!" We have always recognised in Miss Corelli exceptional gifts of imagination; and "Wormwood" in no way modifies our estimation either of her fancy or of her courage.

We very recently reported several symptoms of the revival of Miss Broughton's style of fiction, provoked, doubtless, by her own re-appearance; and Angelica Selby, in "In the Sunlight" (2 vols. : F. Warne and Co.), supplies another. We do not mean that Miss Broughton is directly answerable for such a specimen of the strong, masterful lover as Contarini, who, when he woos, wrenches and crushes his lady-love's fingers "horridly," till she can hardly bear the agony of the jamming of her rings, and "gives her an unmistakeable shake in his ungovernable passion." But we recognise his indirect ancestry; and still more the less far off descent of the rude, quarrelsome, and ill-mannered young people of

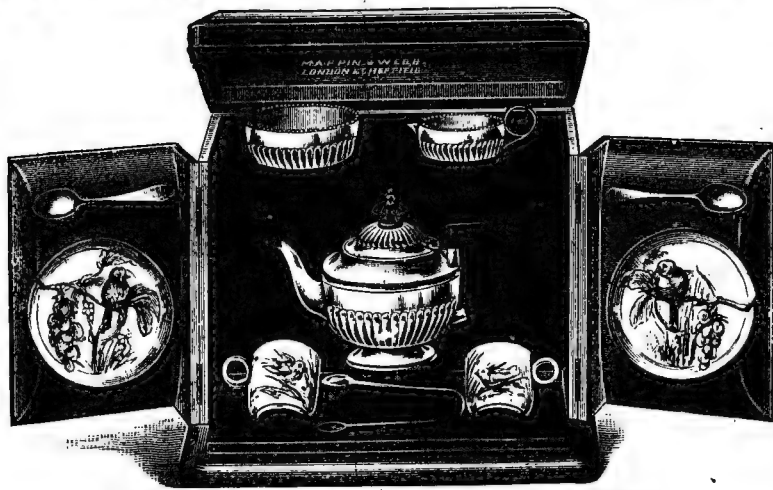
the novel, and the use of the historical present, and all the little tricks of quaintness and pathos which are so familiar. The great difference is that Miss Broughton used to make her readers believe in her characters, and that Angelica Selby does not; that the scholar waves the wizard's wand without having learned the spell.

A good many readers will be surprised to see the name of Mr. Bram Stoker on the title-page of "The Snake's Pass" (1 vol. : Sampson Low). It is not, however, the first essay in fiction of the well-known acting-manager of the Lyceum, nor will it, we hope, be the last. For Mr. Stoker has a good story to tell, and tells it uncommonly well. The scene is laid in the West Coast of Ireland, which forms a picturesque background for the story of the loves of Arthur Severn and Norah Joyce, and the machinations of Murdock, the "gombeen man," whose cruelty and rapacity have earned him with the peasants the title of "King of the Snakes." Incidentally Mr. Stoker throws a good deal of light upon life in the West of Ireland; he has much to say of the legends which cluster round the "Snake's Pass," and much also (a little too much, perhaps) of the scientific explanation of that too-frequent phenomenon—shifting bog, which plays a great part in the story. But on the whole the action is brisk enough, while it leads eventually to a most satisfactory conclusion. Even were the novel otherwise inferior, however, much would be forgiven to Mr. Stoker for introducing us to Andy Sullivan, a typical Irish car-driver of the Lever and Lover school—a school which, whatever pessimists may say, is not even yet extinct in the Emerald Isle. Andy's humour, now rich, now dry, lightens up nearly every page, and we feel it is quite in accordance with the fitness of things when, in his newly-acquired position as "yer 'an'r's Irish coachman," he proposes the health of the bride and bridegroom at the wedding-breakfast, with which the story concludes.

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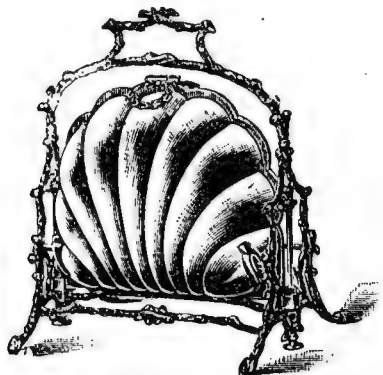


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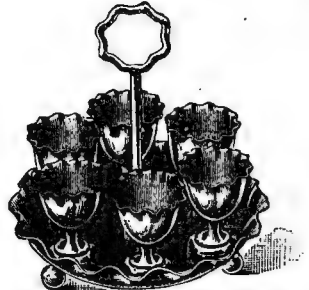
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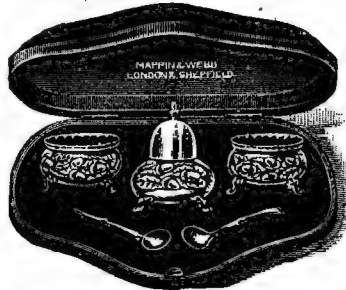
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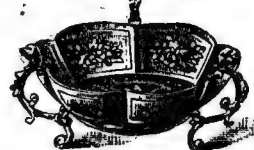
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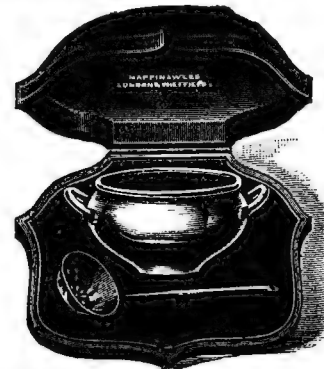
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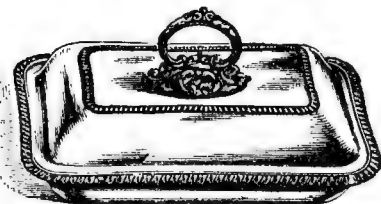
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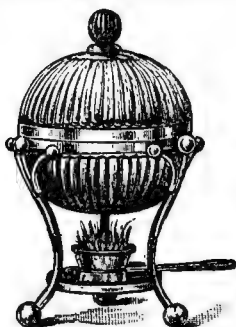
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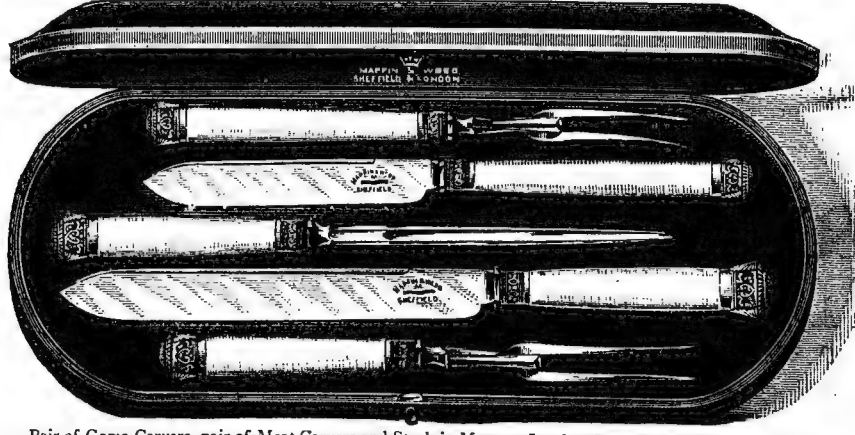
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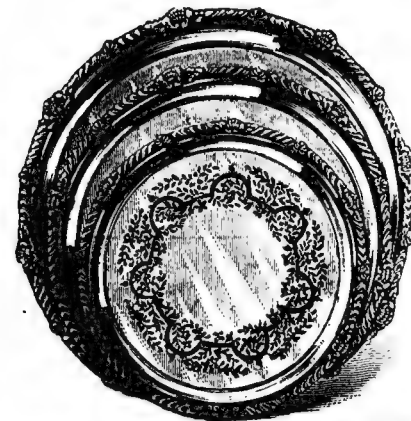
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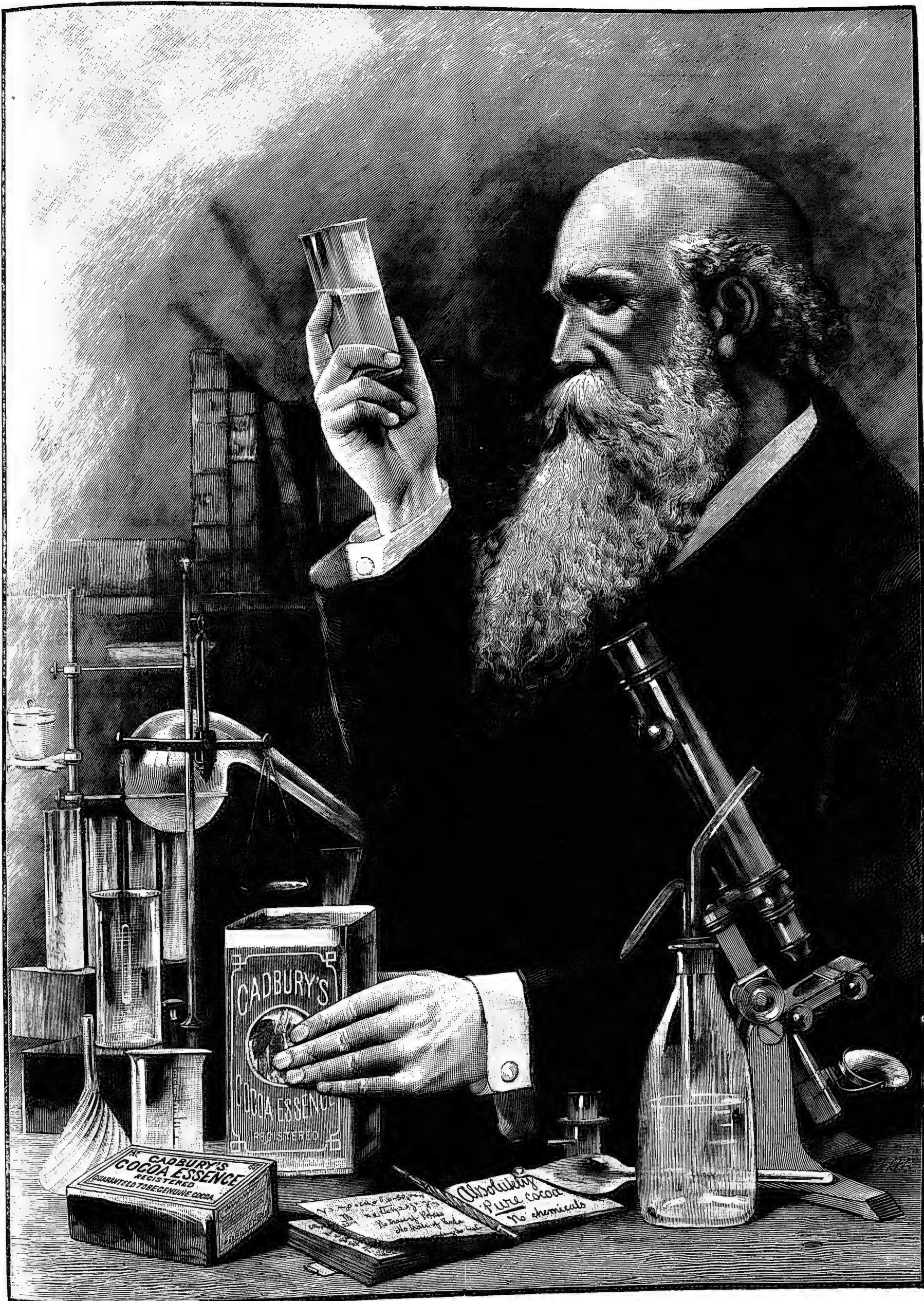


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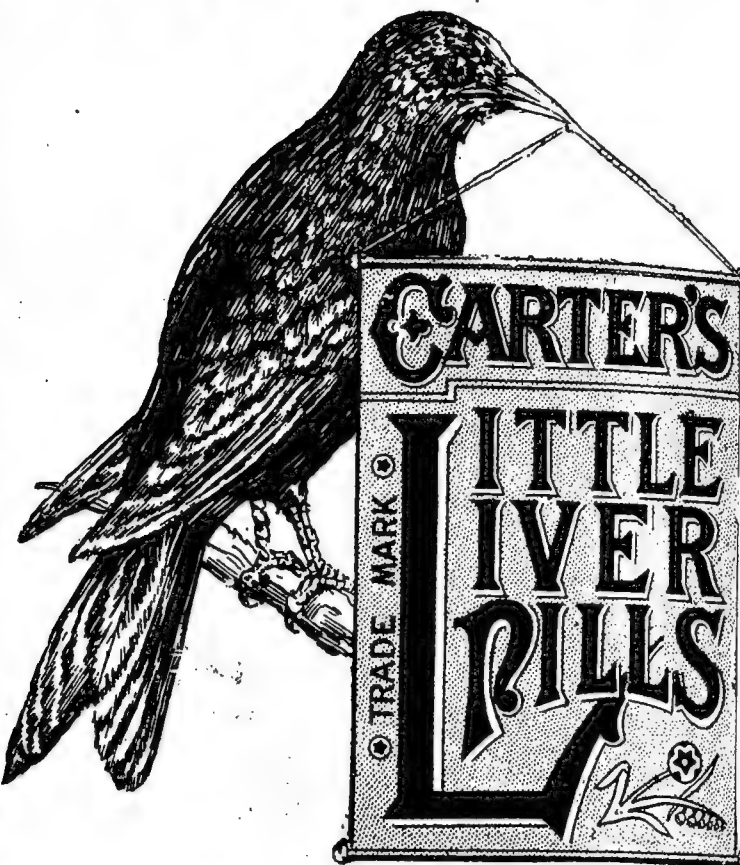
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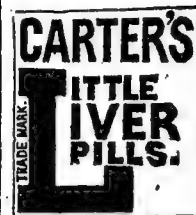
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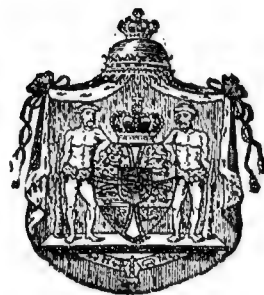
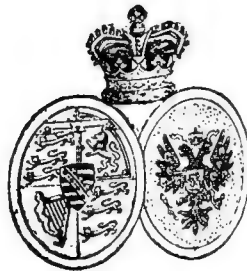
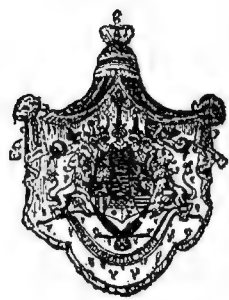
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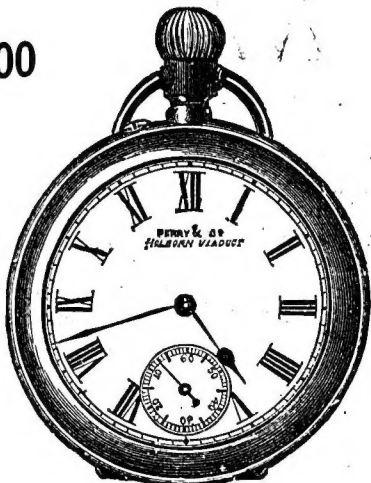
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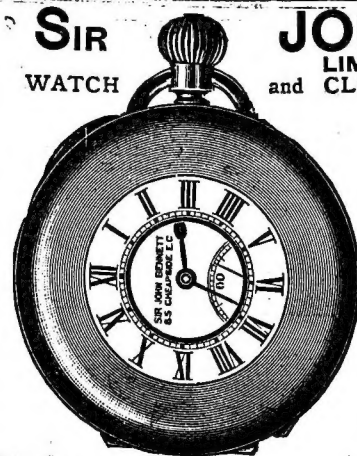
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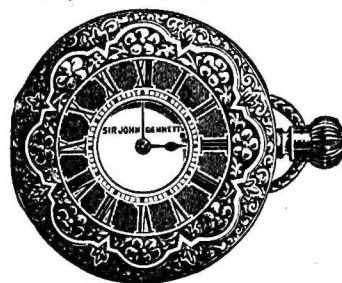
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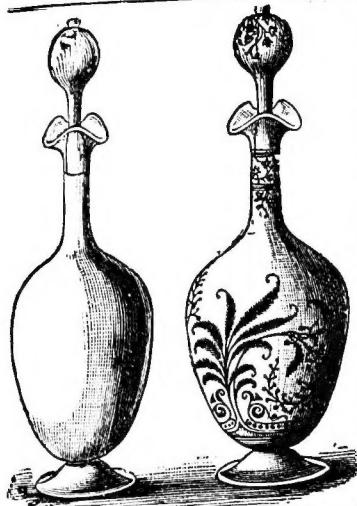
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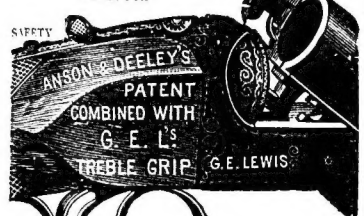
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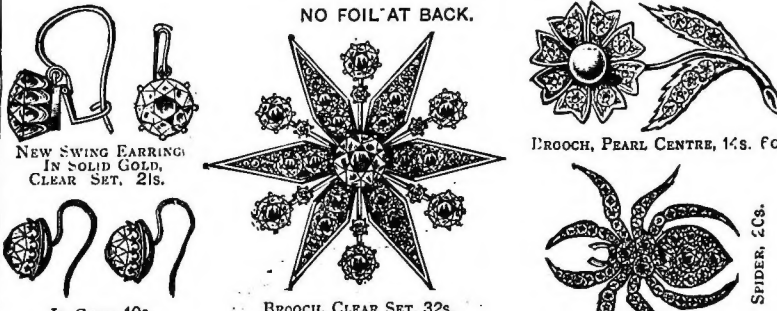
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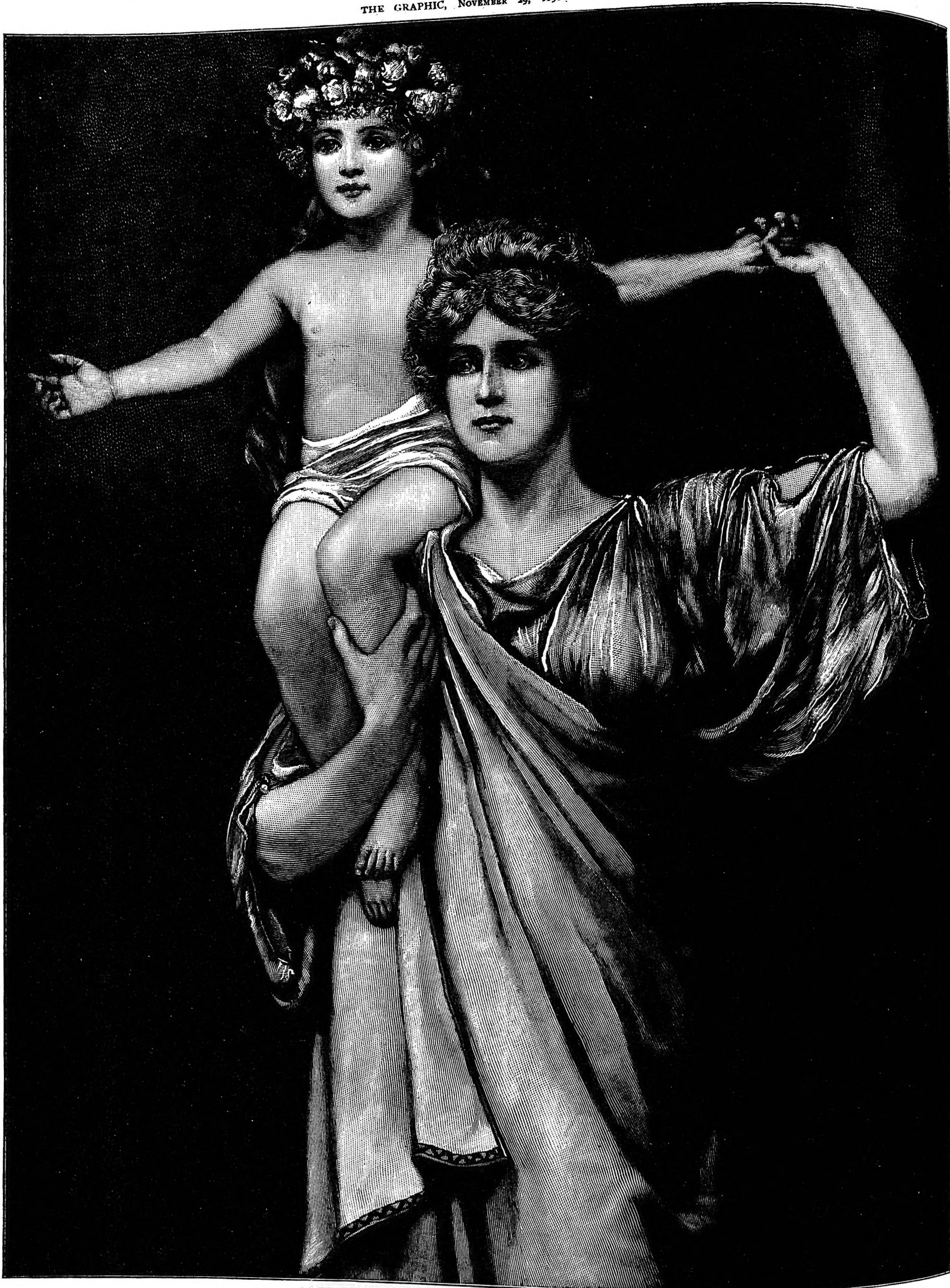
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